

The Rotarian

JUNE



ABBÉ ERNEST DIMNET

Should a
Man Retire?

VILHJALMUR
STEFANSSON

Iceland
Has a Way

NORMAN SOMMERVILLE

Rotary in a
Confused World

PICTURES—

- Romp They Must
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at Albuquerque

1940

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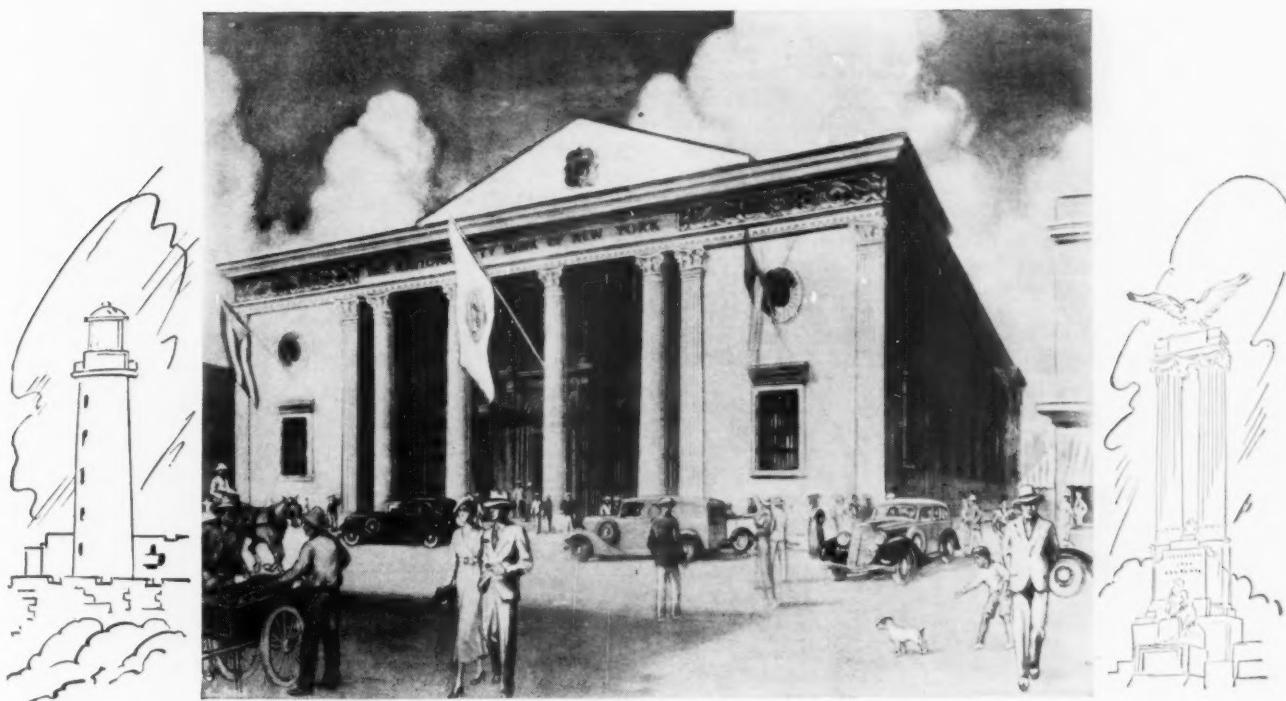


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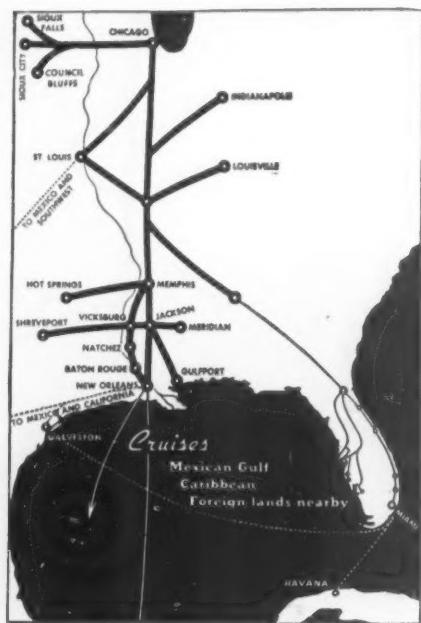
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Talking It Over

Comment on
Rotarian Articles
by
Rotarian Readers

Reeker Article for Staff

Requested by G. G. HORR, Supt.
Providence Boys' Club
Providence, Rhode Island

Our vice-president, Frederick C. Freeman, who is a member of the Rotary Club of Providence, recently sent us a copy of Judge Ernest L. Reeker's article, *The Sentence of the Court Is*, in the March issue of THE ROTARIAN. It is one of the finest articles on this subject that we have been privileged to read.

The Providence Boys' Club has three clubhouses serving over 4,000 underprivileged boys of our city and depends upon the community for its chief support. Among our chief aims is the prevention of juvenile delinquency, and we feel it would be most helpful if copies of this splendid article in THE ROTARIAN could be made available to our three staffs of boy workers.

Agrees with Judge Reeker

Says PAUL ST.-GAUDENS
Coconut Grove, Florida

The article by Judge Ernest L. Reeker on the juvenile delinquent and his treatment [*The Sentence of the Court Is*, March ROTARIAN] is one of the finest I have ever read and is in a way a blow struck at the old "eye for an eye" idea of justice which undoubtedly has made more young criminals than it saved. Our methods of crime control need a thorough overhauling and a modern approach.

Trained Crime Fighters Needed

Asserts W. B. CARROLL, Rotarian
Bureau of Criminal Identification
Great Falls, Montana

I enjoyed the splendid article in the April ROTARIAN by J. Edgar Hoover entitled *Criminals Are Home Grown*. I want to call attention, however, to one part of this article in which he speaks of his efforts to gain recognition for the profession of law-enforcement officers equal to that accorded the legal or medical profession.

He mentions the F.B.I. [Federal Bureau of Investigation] school for law-enforcement officers. In a period of 12 weeks they attempt to give instruction in 45 scientific and technical subjects. Any educator realizes the impossibility of giving more than a mere smattering of knowledge to men without previous college experience in so short a period. For instance, the use of the microscope alone requires a year's work and prerequisites in certain other college subjects.

However, Mr. Hoover, in establishing this school, has made a start in the right direction, though I believe it unreasonable to expect that graduates of this 12-week course should return to their own police departments qualified as instructors to other officers, many of

Do You Tip?

Do you slip a dime in the hand of your barber, or leave a coin for the waitress who brings you that extra cup of coffee? Or are you against tipping —like some of the contributors whose views are expressed on pages 28-31 of this issue? Write a letter—not more than 300 words, please—to "Talking It Over," care of "The Rotarian," 35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. To win the \$3 prize for the letter judged best, it must be received not later than June 3, 1940 (or, if you live outside North America, not later than July 1, 1940).

whom have gained special proficiency through long years of experience. That problem should be attacked logically from the local end. An enlightened public opinion should demand, and get, legislation passed to force mayors to appoint men who are specially trained for enforcement work.

In most cities high schools which pay average salaries no greater than police departments are able to get men with at least four years of college training. The public has a right to demand the appointment of trained men to tackle this problem of crime. Universities and colleges would establish such courses as soon as officials were obliged to appoint properly trained men, rather than someone whose only qualification was that he had got "votes for the party." Then, and only then, will Mr. Hoover's wish to see law enforcement placed on an equal plane with law and medicine be realized.

Mort Green Said It!

Agrees Doubtful but
Hopeful CHICAGO ROTARIAN

I've just emerged dizzily from the May ROTARIAN. The cover with its Leap-



HERE IS the Gaar Williams' cartoon which accompanied the letter to the editor from one Doubtful but Hopeful Chicago Rotarian.

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ing Marlin catapulted me into the pictures of whoppers to be caught off Cuban shores [see *Man, What a Sport!*]. Mister, I'm going to the Convention in Havana, and if I have half the luck of Mort Green (see attached clipping from the Chicago Tribune), I want THE ROTARIAN's staff photographer on hand to tell the world!

Words from Finland

Relayed by Crombie Allen, Rotarian Ontario, California

Jean de Jachimowicz' article in the May ROTARIAN, *My Escape from Poland*, is a remarkable document and brings sadly to mind the contrast between Poland today and the Poland of a few years ago that I knew so well.

Many of our good Rotary friends in Europe are passing through their Geth-

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mental balance, the calmness, and sang-froid of all, is now perhaps still more pronounced. Even the refugees whom I at the front saw moving from their destroyed homes, with all that they could save piled on one horse-drawn sleigh, and with the wife and children sitting on top of their belongings, were quite calm and unfurried, although they did not know anything about the future and the husband was at the front.

The sufferings and material losses among those who had to leave their homes in the evacuated areas before the Bolsheviks came are tremendous, and so will be the work to build up everything again after we have won the victory of which we are certain if the rest of the civilized world only gives us in time the assistance it seems our right to expect, fighting as we do to defend the Western civilization and the democratic principles against a barbaric foe, who only would use our country as a steppingstone for destroying other countries. . . .

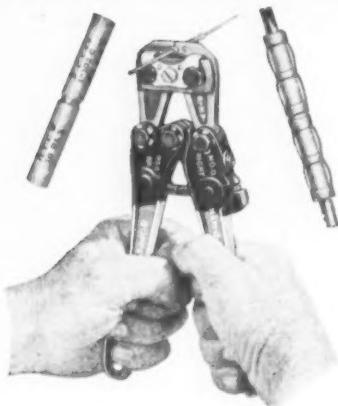
The feats of bravery at the front are almost unbelievable to one who does not know the initiative and coolness of our soldiers. For instance, it has been done hundreds of



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times, that a soldier has waited in the branches of a tree and, when a Russian tank is passing, he jumps down upon it, opens the lid of the tank, throws in a few hand grenades—and one more tank is in our hands. In 2½ months of fighting we have either destroyed or taken 739 tanks; the record for one day of 24 hours was recently reached when 72 tanks were put out of use. We have brought down 346 enemy planes, most of them bombers, and quite many of American origin. . . .

Without exaggeration I think I may say that the events at the front in Finland in this war are more filled with heroic deeds than in any war during the historic time of war. For this, our troops, as well as our topography, are the reason.

'Rotarian R.'—Past Service

Asserts Z. N. SHORT, Rotarian
Oculist and Aurist
Hot Springs, Arkansas

Your query is easily answered as to the status of Rotarian R., a senior member who has relinquished his classification voluntarily, and who after a few years retires from business or his business goes out of existence [see page 53, April ROTARIAN].

Since no one becomes an active, senior, or past service member except by election by a Rotary Club, the answer is: The Club may elect him to past service at the time of or subsequent to the termination of his senior membership.

One does not automatically become anything in Rotary, unless a drone, and he soon finds he is in the wrong place and automatically drops out.

Hobby Listing Brings Results

For MARY MARGARET MOORE
Daughter of Rotarian
McAllen, Texas

I want to thank the Hobbyhorse Groom for printing my name in the March ROTARIAN. Oh, I have received dozens of letters and hundreds of match folders. Two letters from Canada and one from Alaska. I hope I receive some more from "foreign" countries. I know you have many requests for names to be entered, so I thank you again.

A Book, Dinner, and Thou

A Suggestion from a Rotarian
Calling Himself DEAN HOLLAND

As a footnote to "Billy" Phelps' enjoyable and informative book reviews in THE ROTARIAN, may I call attention of fellow readers—especially parents—to an old custom in my family. Instead of a flowered centerpiece on our dinner table, we have a book.

The custom extends back even beyond my boyhood. My oldest sister cannot recall any other centerpiece on the table, and she thinks it began in our father's family when he was still a boy.

My introduction to literature thus began during evening meals. After Father and Mother had discussed the happenings of the day and when the older children were through relating their more important experiences, someone usually made a remark about the book or the author. There was considerable rivalry among us to appear the most informed about the style or life of the author. I confess I made sporadic attempts to master contents of the library with a view to bolstering my ragged prestige. [Continued on page 58]

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THE constant companion of The Scratchpad Man (see pages 46-48 of this issue) is without a name—though he's on the lookout for one. In fact, he's made it known that he's agreeable to welcoming the best name sent in by a Rotarian's son or daughter (18 years or younger) and will wear it with pride. For it will be awarded a \$5 cash prize. The editors will be judges and their decision will be final.

Send your suggestions—as many as you wish—to: Office Dog Contest, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois.

The Editors

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HAMLIN GARLAND—as sketched by his daughter, Constance Garland Harper.

TWO "grand old men" of American letters have come to the end of their trails in 1940. Both EDWIN MARKHAM and HAMLIN GARLAND, the two, were frequent contributors to, and good friends of, THE ROTARIAN, whose editors have taken pleasure in presenting, in this and last month's issues, some of the last work to come from their pens. Best known of GARLAND's twoscore books are his middle-border stories which celebrate the land of his birth and youth—the Middle-Plains States. . . . Recent weeks have recorded these high points in the life of DR. VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON, famed explorer; election to the American Polar Society; publication of his book, *Iceland*; and appearance of a book about him by Explorer Earl P. Hanson. . . . ABBÉ ERNEST DIMNET, French cleric, author, and lecturer, has wide and devoted audiences on both sides of the Atlantic. His essays have enriched many an issue of THE ROTARIAN. . . . NORMAN SOMMERVILLE chairmans the Constitution and By-Laws Committee, will head the Council on Legislation at Havana. . . . The family name of DAVID BURPEE is a byword of every gardener. The author heads the famous Pennsylvania seed house his father founded. . . . WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON is a consulting psychologist, author, and lecturer of New York City. His Ph.D. degree is from Harvard University.

THE Rotarian MAGAZINE

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Editor

Paul Teetor

Business and Advertising Manager

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Drawing by M. J. Gallagher

THE STRICKEN PIONEER

By Hamlin Garland

ONCE he was king of forest men.
To him a snow-capped mountain range
Was but a line, a place of mark,
A viewpoint on the trail. Then
He had no fear of dark,
Nor of wind's change.
Now an up-rolled rug along the floor
Appalls his feet. His withered arm
Shakes at the menace of a door,
And every wind-draft does him harm.

Dear God, it is a piteous sight to see
This ranger of the hills confined
To the poor compass of his room,
Like a chained eagle on a tree,
Lax-winged and gray and blind!
Only in dreams he sees the bloom
On far hills where the red deer run;
Only in dreams he guides the swift canoe,
Or stalks the crafty cat with dog and polished gun.

The mightiest canyon of the earth
He conquered; cleft it to the heart,
Now here, beside his tiny hearth,
He sits benumbed, taking no part
In all the explorations of the West.

With deep eyes pleading like a dying deer
He only asks release from pain—and rest.

In him behold the story of our best—
The chronicle of riflemen behind the plow.
His the life of those who knew
No barrier but the sunset in their quest.
On his bent head and grizzled hair
Is set the sign of those who show
New cunning to the wolf, who chase
The mother panther from her lair
And strike the lion from the mountain's face.

And when he dies, as soon he must,
A magic word goes with him to the grave.
He was a pioneer. Upon his stone
Set these plain words: "He was a brave.
He faced the Winter's winds unscared,
Meeting stern Nature stark, alone,
And died without a curse or moan."

Then bury him not here in city soil,
Where the cars grind and factories spill
Their acrid smoke on those who toil.
Bear him away to some high, Western hill
That overlooks the mighty stream
Whose thousand miles of pathway 'mid the corn
Blazons his prowess. There let him dream,
And wait God's resurrection morn.

Rotary in a Confused World

By Norman Sommerville, K. C.

Chairman, Canadian Red Cross Society;
Member, Rotary Club of Toronto, Ont.

The movement must gird itself for the work—and opportunity—that will come when drums cease.

ONE MORNING, arriving in Dublin from the Cross Channel Steamer, I mounted an Irish "jaunting" car. In it I found two "down-East" Yankees, one of whom said to the Irish driver, "Now we want to see this town in a hurry. We want you to point out everything important."

The driver had not proceeded far when he drew up his horse with a jerk and pointed to a stone on the side of the road. One Yankee said, "What is that?"

"It is a milestone, sor."

"What's so unusual about that?"

To which the driver replied: "Oh, sor, you niver in your life saw two of 'em together."

Not long ago Rotary passed a milestone—its 35th anniversary—and Rotarians around the world paused momentarily to look about. We looked back with pleasure on our movement's progress numerically, but only because of what those figures (5,023 Clubs and 212,000 Rotarians) mean in terms of human good. We looked back appreciatively on the universal acceptance of Rotary's principles. Rotary, we found, had developed a deep and world-circling unity despite a multitude of barriers.

Then we looked ahead. We wondered what Rotary will or should be when it reaches its 45th or even its 75th milestone. But when, at the same time, we looked around us at our world as it is, the prospect saddened our hearts. Confusion and chaos crowd the horizon, and the conflict of ideas—the greatest stumbling block to human progress—spreads further. The clouds hang low and threatening over the whole world today. The air resounds with strife.

Grave consequences to all mankind, belligerent or neutral, will flow from either victory or defeat. Distress, suffering, and disaster will be the inevitable result to many no matter who the victor.

The world seeks a principle of order and a disturbed humanity casts about for some workable maxims of conduct.

Has Rotary anything to offer such a world? I believe it has. Can Rotary, out of its wisdom, hold out any guide for the future? I am sure it can. Proudly, it may offer that course of action, that ideal, which has found ready acceptance in some 70 countries of the world and which has been rejected in but two—the principle that uses friendliness (and how the world needs it!) as the method and a man's vocation as a medium for improving the relationships of man. Rotary emphasizes, first, the individual's personality; second, his use of his vocation for service to his community; third, the use of both personality and vocation in the extension of international goodwill.

Rotary cannot stop the present conflict. It must cling to that sort of faith which caused the Venerable Bede to say: "This, too, shall pass," and gird itself now for that day when Rotary can help to repair the damage, bind some of the wounds, and improve the spirit between the nations hereafter. A maimed and battered world will surely call out for a better way of life, and therein lies Rotary's opportunity. That opportunity, seized in the right spirit, will lead us on to greater achievements in our contribution to world welfare.

When the drums shall cease and the banners shall be furled, we shall find a very difficult world in which to work. Prejudice and antagonism and the scars of battle will not be easily erased. Against the background of the common suffering of all humanity there will be vast opportunity for the

application of friendliness, service, goodwill, and understanding as bases for lasting peace.

Sometimes it happens with organizations, as with individuals, that the hills ahead are crowned with the castles of their enthusiasm. Suddenly some morning they awaken to find that they have passed their castles in the night. Their enthusiasm has waned. We must not let that happen to Rotary. We must maintain and rekindle our enthusiasm to such a pitch that we will carry our philosophy into our own crafts and there inspire millions of men outside Rotary to practice the same principles. Thus shall we sow the good seeds of friendliness.

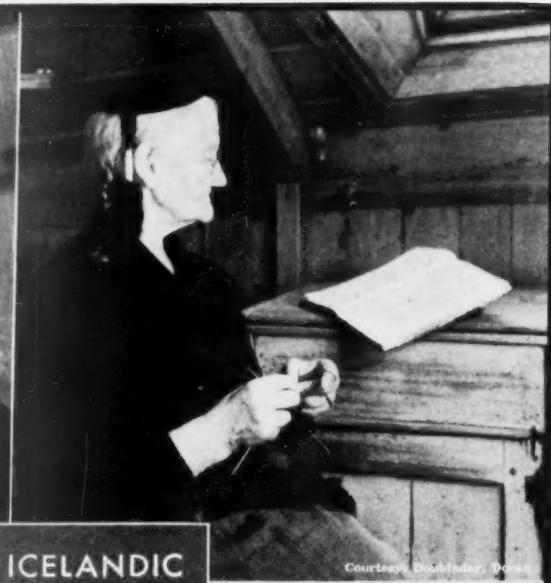
WHEN A RECRUIT was added to the legions of pageantry-loving, ancient Rome, the legion was drawn up in the grove where dwelt the gods who gave them strength. A lamb was slain and the blood was poured into the hollow of a shield. The shield was then raised in tribute to the gods and the young legionary dipped his finger into the blood of the lamb and raised it in solemn and everlasting allegiance to the eagles of Rome. He remained faithful unto death. That ceremony was called the *sacramentum*, from which comes the word *sacrament*.

Is it not fit that we should metaphorically at least, at this time raise our hands in allegiance to that Rotary which has made such progress in these years, and dedicate ourselves anew to those principles of friendliness which so directly and surely can lift some of the sorrow from that great heart of humanity which is suffering today?

Our Guest Editorial of the Month



Photo: Larson, Black Star

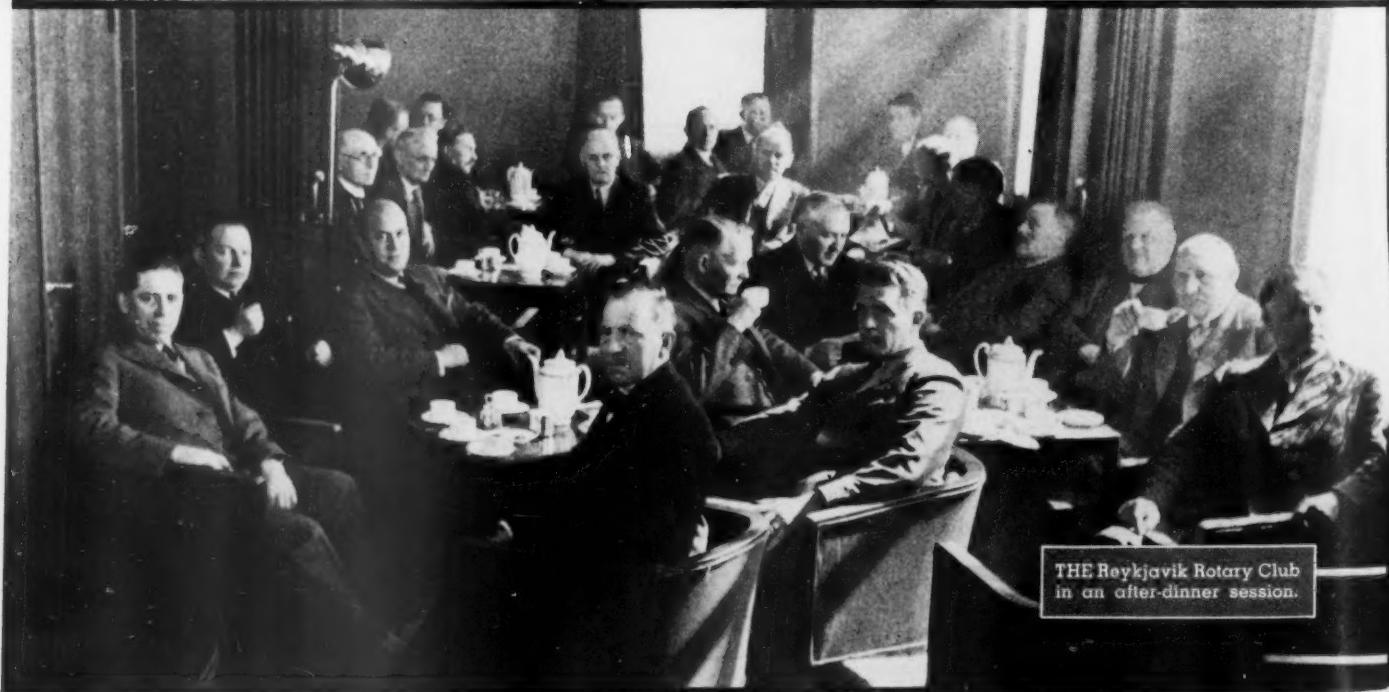


Courtesy, Þjórvíðar, Ólafur

ICELANDIC
FOLK TYPES



HEROIC statue of Leif the Lucky, son of Iceland and discoverer of Vinland—a gift of the United States to the people of Iceland.



THE Reykjavik Rotary Club in an after-dinner session.

Iceland Has a Way!



HARBOR of Reykjavik, the capital, a city of 40,000.

By Vilhjalmur Stefansson

Editors' Note: This article was written prior to the military occupation of Iceland by forces from England on May 10.

"ICELAND has accomplished more per capita than any other country in the world." Those are words of Fiorello H. La Guardia, Mayor of New York City, on June 17, 1939. But he said them on "Iceland Day" at the World's Fair. One is sometimes extravagant upon such occasions.

Still there are many who have concluded that, within limited spheres, Iceland, with its 117,000 population, is, if not the greatest, at least a remarkable country. One of these is James Bryce, who wrote what many Americans still consider about the most discriminating book on their form of government, *The American Commonwealth*. He showed in his later book *Studies in History and Jurisprudence* that many institutions, such as trial by jury, that are commonly supposed to have originated in Britain were borrowed from Iceland by the English. Through his and other studies one sees that it is Iceland and not England which should be called the Mother of Parliaments, for Iceland had a parliament in A.D. 930 which still is functioning,

now in its 1,011th year!

It was Bryce, also, who said that there were three great pre-Renaissance literatures in Europe, developed in Greece, in Rome, and in Iceland; and that Icelandic literature, although in his opinion not equal to that of Greece, was superior to the literature of Rome.

As a historical record, this early Icelandic literature is priceless. Small indeed would be our knowledge of the pre-Christian religion that was general over Northern Europe were it not for the poetic *Edda* and the prose *Edda*. The poetic *Edda* was composed in part abroad, the rest in Iceland; it was preserved only in Iceland. The prose *Edda* was both composed in Iceland and preserved only there. Without these two books we would know little of Odin and Thor, Baldur and Freyja, of the ethics, morals, and philosophy of the "Teutonic" religion, its doctrines of fate and of the destiny of men and gods.

Not only do the historians and



Photo: Magnusson; map by Helen Noel

critics of the ancient religion find their main source in the books of Iceland, but that is true also of those who need the information for lighter purposes; as, for instance, Wagner when he had to turn to Iceland for the literary material behind his Nibelung operas. The history of Norway up to the 10th Century is taught in Norwegian schools less from the Norwegian than from Icelandic sources.

In fact, many countries of Europe would have gaps in their histories but for the sagas that were composed, written down, and preserved in Iceland. Russia owes a considerable debt to the sagas. Their value holds even as far

southeast as Istanbul (formerly) Constantinople), where Icelanders were court poets or bodyguards under the Empire of the East and returned in their middle or old age to have the information which they brought back recorded in what became material for one or another of the Icelandic sagas.

NORTH AMERICA, too, is indebted. Icelanders discovered the island of Greenland off the coast of North America, colonized it after 982, established there a republic (functioning through a parliament) about 990, adopted Christianity in 1000, and maintained continuous relations between America and Europe at least to 1347. This relation was partly through trade with Northwestern Europe. The Vatican retained its contact until some years after Columbus' time.

As said, this relation goes farther south and west than Greenland. For in the year 1000 a man who had been born in Iceland, but who was now a citizen of the Greenland republic, discovered the North American mainland, in Southern Labrador. This discoverer has been well named "Leif the Lucky." Part of the luck of Leif the Lucky was to be the son of a really great man, Eirik the Red, the first polar explorer whose achievements and character are known to us.

All previous explorers, of whatever zone, whose doings found their way into records that have been preserved, journeyed to lands known in considerable detail through hearsay. They were even accompanied by interpreters. The voyage to Greenland was nothing like that. The mountaintops of the island had been seen, true enough, at least as early as 900 by ships voyaging along the west coast of Iceland and doubtless had been seen also from the mountains of Northwestern Iceland. But nothing was known about the country except that it lay to the west.

This makes Eirik the first man whose name we know who sailed to investigate what was, properly speaking, an unknown land. His was also the first known voyage that ever encountered pack ice and made systematic attempts to penetrate it. All previous voyagers

had retreated from this form of menace, which, so far as we know, had been unknown to all sailors of the British Isles and Scandinavia until after Iceland's discovery.

Like the sailors of later times, Eirik found he could not penetrate the belt of pack ice that tumbles in the polar current flowing southwestward along the Atlantic coast of Greenland. So, like hundreds of ships in later centuries, he had to follow around Cape Farewell to where the ice scattered and he could get ashore.

Eirik's crew were his family and the families of some of his friends; their equipment was their tools of husbandry; provisions were the farm animals on hoof and wing—cattle and sheep for certain, and fowl; goats and swine in all likelihood. Overland transport was to be horses—Iceland ponies.

AFTER being for three Summers and Winters the first explorer of land farther west than Iceland, Eirik the Red decided to attempt securing colonists for the new land, and, as a first step in his campaign, chose a good selling title. The record has it that "he conceived people would all the more readily colonize the land if it had an attractive name; and so he called it Green Land."

This article is the story of Iceland, not of the vicissitudes of Greenland or of the discovery of North America. But it is part of

Iceland's history that for centuries it maintained Europe's contact with the North American mainland and Greenland.

Leif, as said, was a Greenlander when he reached Labrador in 1000. Neither he nor any other Greenlander is known to have been a leader in attempting the colonization of the mainland; but Icelanders, 160 in number, led by Thorfinn Karlsefni, tried to colonize the southward extension of Labrador, called Vinland, from 1004 to 1007. They had spent the Winter of 1003-04 in Greenland and reached the mainland by Leif's directions—up the west Greenland shore to Disko (Bear Island), then southwest and south to Baffin Island, Labrador, and the coast southward. With them were a few Greenlanders.

The Indians whom they met, perhaps Algonquins, were almost as well armed as the Norsemen—they were at least equal with the bow and arrow, inferior only as to sword and armor. They had better judgment, too, than their more southerly cousins of later centuries, who first welcomed the Puritans and other Europeans, and began to resist them only when it was too late. The wiser North Americans of the 11th Century started attacking the Europeans during their second year and drove them away at the end of the third season, in 1007.

But that did not end the rela-

Photo: E. Sigurgeirsson



"ROW HOUSES" are nothing new in Iceland. Note that the side walls and roofs of these rural dwellings are sod—which saves timber, almost exclusively an import.

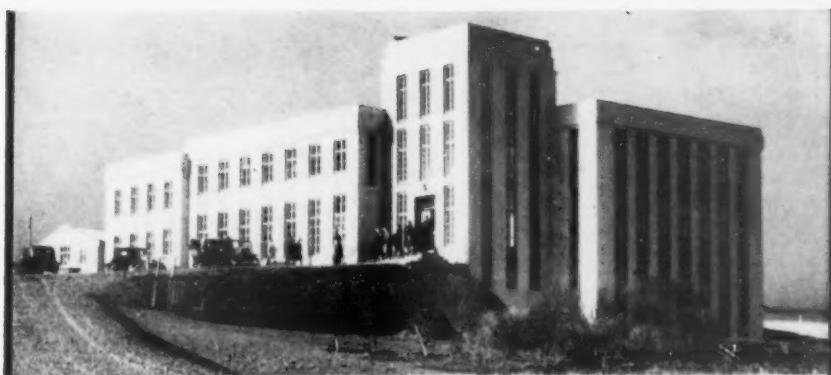
tion between the North American mainland and Europe, for commerce through Iceland remained. The chief item of that commerce no doubt was that ships left Greenland empty, took on cargoes of timber in Southern Labrador (perhaps sometimes Newfoundland), and returned with these to Iceland, where they were sold for Irish cloth, Norwegian weapons, and wares from other European countries. Then the ships returned to Greenland.

We do not know how late these triangular voyages continued, for they were so commonplace as not to be mentioned in the annals just as voyages. That they were still going in 1347 we know, because a ship engaged in this trade is recorded as having been wrecked on the coast of Iceland.

EXCEPT that the island continued to be literary, preserving through books the religion, history, novels, and poetry of the viking period, Iceland fell into the general backwash of the Dark Ages. With much of the rest of Northwestern Europe it shifted from Roman Catholicism to Lutheranism during the 16th Century. Through two or three centuries thereafter it was, as far as we can tell, a more impoverished land than any in Europe materially, although it always maintained a lead over Europe in percentage of literacy. This literacy was unique in the wide use of pen and ink for the native tongue.

If we accept the common premise that prosperity depends on natural resources, then the economic situation of modern Iceland is a near miracle. For the land has fewer natural resources than any of the democracies, but nevertheless has come nearer than any other democracy to abolishing poverty.

Iceland, a high land in a warm sea, has mountains which capture snow enough to create larger glaciers than any of Europe or of the mainland of Asia. Large parts of the country have a surface of lava too recent for vegetation, while in other parts the grass has been buried in volcanic ash. The coldest seaport town of Iceland is not so cold in January as Portland, Maine, and Reykjavik, the capital, is as warm as Philadelphia; but it



MODERN high schools like this one at Reykholt help maintain Iceland's high literacy.



STACKING dried fish at Hafnafjordur. Fishing is the country's chief economic prop.



A NATURAL laundry—hot springs near Reykjavik. Hot water is now piped to homes.



SHEEP thrive on the scanty vegetation. Mutton and wool are the second main export.

Photo: Magnússon

is nevertheless true that the Summers are too cool for agriculture, and the meager soil of Iceland therefore supports no economic vegetation except grass for pasture and hay for Winter feed.

IN SPITE of this, the land produces enough meat and milk for its own use, with some products of both for sale to Europe. Wool is a considerable export, and so were horses until recently. Still and all, when we realize that Iceland cannot grow cereals and has none of the important economic minerals, we think of it as a land practically devoid of resources.

But if Iceland's soil is poor, the waters which surround it are rich. To excel them one might have to go to the icy seas that border the Antarctic Continent. This wealth of Iceland's sea not only draws large fishing fleets from many European nations each year, but also (and crucially for Iceland) has caused a development through which Icelanders have won percap-

ita leadership in the capture and export of fish and their products.

Before the outbreak of war in Europe, according to an international bureau of fish statistics the Germans caught 15 pounds of fish for each individual of their population; the French, 24 pounds; the English, 44; the Scots, 70; the Norwegians, 815. Icelanders caught 5,104 pounds per inhabitant.

Naturally, the fishing industry is well represented in the memberships of the three Rotary Clubs of Iceland; so also are such allied businesses as ocean shipping, shipbuilding, marine salvage, and marine biology. It was the writer's pleasure to be guest at a meeting of Iceland's first Rotary Club, the Rotary Club of Reykjavik, four years ago. The Club, then three years old, had 29 members; latest reports give it 32. Two more Rotary Clubs have since been established in Iceland—one at Isafjordur, the other at Siglufjördur. It is a safe assumption that the fishing industry is proportionately even better represented in these new Rotary Clubs, for they are located in cities even more dependent upon the sea and its harvests than is the capital city.

It is from almost the sole resources of grazing and fishing that Iceland has abolished poverty. Its percentage of unemployment for several years has been lower than that of France, England, or the United States. Unemployment insurance, old-age insurance, and similar measures are in force. Iceland is advanced also in the effectiveness of its public health measures. This country which in 1810 had less than one hospital bed for each 10,000 persons now has a free bed for every 110. It is, perhaps, significant that an Icelander, Niels R. Finsen, was the third to win the Nobel Prize in medicine and won it nine years before a similar honor came to the United States.

The term "the middle way," popularized for the Scandinavian countries by Marquis W. Childs in his book *Sweden—The Middle Way*, applies to all Scandinavians. It is an Americanism for what Scandinavians themselves call socialism. By their own way of looking at it, they have been socialistic for a decade, some of them longer.

In Iceland no single left party

has ever had a majority. There were governments of a coalition between a party which featured the development of co-operatives and a party which, though not hostile to co-operatives, favored a gradual development of outright State ownership. At present, however, there is a national government composed of mild capitalists who work with the somewhat larger combined number of the co-operative party and the State-ownership party.

An upper house and a lower house compose the Althing, or parliament. Executive power theoretically rests with the King of Iceland, but he exercises it only through his ministers. Denmark acknowledged Iceland as a sovereign State 22 years ago—in 1918. By that arrangement, Iceland was united with Denmark only in that the King of Denmark was also the King of Iceland. That tie was severed on April 10, when, the Germans having invaded Denmark, the Iceland Parliament declared that the King of Iceland, being a prisoner of a foreign power, was unable to function as King of Iceland and that they would no longer employ the Danish diplomatic service.

TAxes in Iceland are high, much higher than in the United States. Various other methods are employed, however, to distribute and equalize wealth and to keep money in circulation. If one may judge from Government and other figures, a third or a quarter of the people of the United States, potentially the wealthiest nation in the world, live at a lower level (measured in food, clothing, housing, education, medical attendance, etc.) than that of perhaps even a single family in Iceland.

The average well-being of the other Scandinavian countries is about as high as that of Iceland—perhaps higher in one or two cases. But that is not surprising, for some of those countries are rich both in soil and in economic minerals. It is the abolishing of poverty by a land poor in resources which is Iceland's glory.

Perhaps that was what Mayor La Guardia meant when he said, "Iceland has accomplished more per capita than any other country in the world."



AN Icelandic beauty spot—Vatnajökull Falls, a plunge of 86 feet.



Should a Man Retire?

By Abbé Ernest Dimnet

A remotely Socratic dialogue which reveals pros and cons of a question which most men will sometime face.

BILL—Colley Dobson is going to retire. Just told me so. His wife hinted he soon would, the other day.

JACK—Retiring from precious little work is Dobson. He is your classmate, isn't he?

BILL—Class 1901, but he is a year younger than I am. He said I should retire. "You're old," he said.

JACK—They all say the same thing. Did he seem happy over it?

BILL—Not so very. But he has always been given to wailing: too much work!, too much pressure!, you can't call your life your own!, and so on.

JACK—Does he wail over retiring, too?

BILL—The usual things retiring fellows say. Afraid of retiring into old age. Afraid of the ingle-nook where, he said, people look to see if you're not dead yet. Afraid of Mattie, too, and he is right there. *She will not retire.*

JACK—Reminds me, last night I looked at a book by Aldous Huxley which Emily was reading. Some young thing in the book

said "the OLD" in a way that gave me the shivers.

BILL—Yes, they do push one out. That's what makes me think of retiring too, sometimes.

JACK—Does it? You have no junior partner, though.

BILL—No, but you feel pushed out all the same. Revolt of youth! The rights of the rising generation! and all that. Oh! but I would miss my office. My *castle* is the office. And such a nice warm feeling when I return from a vacation.

JACK—But everybody does *not* retire. Why should you?

BILL—Nine in ten do. The natural thing is to outlive one's job. Didn't you retire from high school when you would have looked ridiculous there?

JACK—Be serious! Retiring men should not joke. And don't go on to tell me that Jack Dempsey is not in the ring any more, or that actors themselves finally make up their minds to go. Observe that such people cling to their jobs in some way or another. Many teach. I know a first-rate football coach who is 70 and says he has ten more

years to go. People in those businesses who will not retire are really exhibitionists and even they, at long last, are given the hook.

BILL—Yes, but think of the army of officials of all kinds—school and State—who, willy-nilly, get retired long before they are tired (pun my own, Jack!) and often hate to go in spite of pensions.

JACK—Yes, people think that is as it should be, because they have always seen it done, but in reality it is a proof that all countries have more or less gone socialist; it advertises a detestable notion that work is a punishment where it should be pleasure, and it persuades the lookers-on that it is right to pay men for doing nothing. Immoral and unpatriotic all this is. Californians saw through it last year.

BILL—You're right. It isn't pure fun to be retired on a pension. Some people lose so much prestige that it is pitiful. Have you ever been inside the Capitol after an election? You can tell the poor lame ducks at a glance. And cap-



"ONE OF those Sunday painters, a doorman at the Brookline Bank. His real job was to live an endless succession of Sundays."

tains on the big liners! You should see them in their home ports six months after retirement. All glamour gone forever! Compare them to a newspaper editor, so grand at 75, of whom it is said that few die and none resigns.

JACK—Oh, yes, "former" this and "past" that are bad. Doctors sometimes go into retirement. I've noticed that in no time they lose that eaglelike glance they give you when you begin to talk ailments to them. Couldn't do it even if they tried. The belief in themselves came with their first money and goes as soon as their name goes off the door. They still can prescribe, but the curative something has gone out of them.

BILL—I don't believe it. A drug is a drug, and what doctors know they know. But I am with you about "formers" losing prestige. I hate to see people feeling they're out of it. I hate even more to see them pretending they don't know they are.

JACK—Some adapt themselves by thinking of retirement far ahead of time. They can do it at 25. Their wives help too.

BILL—Now, tell me. Who do you think should retire?

JACK—Well, do you think people who enjoy big privileges don't do well when they give them up, sometimes? Heads of companies, chairmen of boards, for instance, who know they have had their time, but might go on drawing fat salaries?

BILL—Too evident.

JACK—at the other end, don't you think an underpaid fellow, or

one who knows he has never been properly appreciated, does well if he quits as soon as he can?

BILL—Certainly does. I am glad to see you are going over to the side of retirement.

JACK—I am not. I am only on the side of sense, and are we having a debate or a conversation? I am also ready to admit that people who have been coerced or coaxed into a career they really never liked do well to retire.

BILL—Coerced? Who's coerced?

JACK—What of those on a farm when they wanted to go to sea, and those who were made, against their will, to step into their father's shoes in business? What of those kept from a pulpit or a university chair who practice law while hating it in spite of exorbitant fees?

BILL—Oh, yes, yes. I know every one of the fellows you mean. They have every right to retire early. Tell me more.

JACK—Too, haven't you known men who deceived themselves about their likes and dislikes, who were enthusiastic about their jobs at first and hated them afterward?

BILL—I once knew a French sea captain who alienated his family by insisting on going to sea and was soon regarded as a first-rate seaman. He had forgotten that. He would tell everybody he was dying to be 55 and retired. He said he would look for a place in a waterless section of his country. He would carry an oar on his shoulder till he came to where people would ask: "What is that thing you carry?" There he would

stop and build his house. Well, it was all put on—or, perhaps an illusion! This man was masterful and choleric. He began by hating the bigwigs in his company, who were only landlubbers, for interfering with their captains, and gradually began to hate the sea itself—the waves, I mean, the currents, the shifting winds, and the gales. Once at the end of a rough passage I saw him shaking his fist at the sea. He really loved being a seaman, but he had forgotten it because he could not bear to be thwarted. It would have been the same thing if he had had any other job, except that of a hermit, I guess.

JACK—And you certainly have known many gifted fellows who could be equally successful in two careers. The Scots are famous for that.

BILL—Oh, men like Paderewski, who at a minute's notice became a Premier?

JACK—Yes. And you know what Clemenceau said when his secretary told him that Paderewski had accepted: "What a downfall!" he said. That was a witticism. Paderewski is a grand fellow who has done well never to retire from his piano.

BILL—Don't you think Rhoades did well to retire from his bank to write that history of the United States?

JACK—I was at Tech when Mr. Rhoades retired. I knew Mr. Rhoades. Dined at his house two or three times. He would laugh when people referred to his banking days. His bank jogged on, as most banks did then, till he was 48 or 50, but there was a back office where Mr. Rhoades would pigeonhole the history of the United States when he didn't have to show his smiling face at his desk in front. That man never retired. His real job had always been the history.

BILL—I know what you mean. Surely people with a marvellous hobby like Rhoades' never retire. But our question is: who else retires?

JACK—Oh, what about the hordes of the retiring lazy? They are the great, the repulsive retiring army, the preachers of inertness, and the profiteers of pretense. They did not know at 18

what their job ought to be, but at 55 they know it only too well. It is golf, cards, and cocktails. This they have learned through 35 years of coming in late and leaving early, of skipping Saturday mornings as not worth while, or giving themselves vacations when they did not need them. The office has only been an alibi. Thirty-five years of pretending to be busy, of acting a part!

BILL—Isn't that another case of not retiring! These fellows' business has been to shirk work. But it is funny that our answer to the question of who retires seems to have been: very, very few people do retire. So, I wonder what answer can be given to our other question: who does *not* retire?

JACK—Ah! I often think with joy of the many people who never dream of retiring, who would cry if they were compelled to retire.

BILL—Paderewski again?

JACK—Oh, we'll come to him. But shouldn't we say that some men are in such vocations that they, in a sense, never retire?

BILL—Pastors? Great doctors? Scientists who save lives by working on and on in laboratories? . . .

JACK—You name them all, almost all, for do not philanthropists of the higher class stick to their work to the very end? Don't you think old John D. Rockefeller would have died much sooner if he had not been thinking of the score of fine things he was keeping going? Men like that not only do not resign, but they can hardly afford to die. Their spirit survives them. It is a fine trait of America that no rich man dares to make an absolutely selfish will. Public-spirited people never resign.

BILL—I suppose Somerset Maugham would say that virtue is its own reward.

JACK—It certainly is. In school I read a maxim which I really did not comprehend till, on a few occasions, I was engaged as you have been yourself in purely unselfish work. "Great thoughts arise in the heart." It means that you feel mentally a different man as soon as you forget your bank account.

BILL—You had something to say about Paderewski?

JACK—Why, yes. Something important, too. Paderewski goes on, and I'd be pretty cut up if he

was not to return. Why? Those tours must be exhausting for an old man.

BILL—Loves it, of course. I saw him, the last time, actually running from backstage to his piano. He can't retire from it any more than I can retire from smoking.

JACK—You couldn't say that better. Artists, great or small, love their job as we love our pleasure. They are the only people whose work can never be really called work, but enjoyment. Only fools can look down upon them. Anybody who realizes what their life is envies them.

BILL—Some of them are woefully poor, though.

JACK—Yes. I have known two or three in the suburbs of Boston. Not much to eat. But they were happy all the same, endlessly looking at things and planning to paint them. They used to mock what they called Sunday painters—fellows who have a job and only paint for amusement — as we

laugh, or swear, at Sunday drivers. But I came to know one of those Sunday painters, a doorman at the Brookline Bank, and he too was happy. His real job was not to say: "Mr. Johnson is in conference." It was to live an endless succession of Sundays.

BILL—Yes, artists live indefinitely. Who was it—Titian or Veronese—who still painted at 93 and [Continued on page 57]

Illustrations by
George van Werveke



"A FRENCH sea captain . . . said he would carry an oar on his shoulder till . . . people would ask: 'What is that thing you carry?' There he would build his house."



JIM THORPE, all-time "great," leads the field in the hurdle race—back in 1909 while at Carlisle Indian School. The "shot" record was also his (opposite page) that same day at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

INE HUNDRED yards isn't a long distance. It's merely one-seventeenth of a mile. Equal to half of a city block. It doesn't take long to run 100 yards. A handful of seconds, no more.

Fifty years ago the greatest sprinters in the world required ten seconds to cover 100 yards. Twenty-eight years ago, prior to the Stockholm Olympics, I ran the distance in 9 8/10 seconds. Ten years ago Frank Wykoff catapulted over the distance in 9 4/10 seconds, a mark equalled five years later by Jesse Owens, the Ohio State Negro. In five decades the speed for this short sprint has been improved only six-tenths of a second.

Why is record breaking for this distance such a slow and tedious business? After all, only half of a city block, or slightly more, to be traversed. Such an easy short run.

And yet, the human body—your body or a trained athlete's body—has its limits. For example, an automobile, propelled by an engine and gasoline, can go only so fast. When better automobiles are made, running under better conditions, they will go faster.

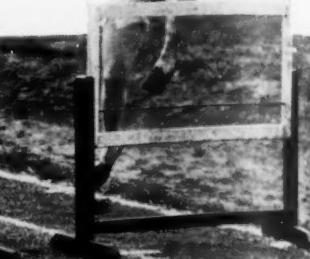
The problem is the same with

humans. The gasoline of a sprinter's muscles, that which sends him driving in a pumping blur from his mark, is known as glycogen. When the starter's gun bangs, nerve impulses flash to the muscles, and glycogen—a gram of which can raise a ton almost six feet—fires the muscles into action

When an athlete is naturally faster than his fellowman, when he has what the Germans call "start fever" or the immediate instinct to respond to the starter's gun, when he is trained fine, and knows the technique of running, his speed becomes merely a chemical problem. He possesses only so much glycogen, permitting him to go only so fast.

There is a romantic notion in storybooks that a runner's mind will force him to do better than his best. Perhaps he will remember he is running for his college, his mother, or his sweetheart—and turn in a supereffort. Scientists tell me this is nonsense. True, a runner's mind can prevent him from giving up too soon or getting tired too quickly. But it cannot make his muscles move faster.

Then why, you wonder, was it possible for Jesse Owens to dash 100 yards in 9 4/10 seconds in



By

Jim Thorpe

As Told to Irving Wallace

Greatest all-round athlete of modern times is Jim Thorpe, a Sac-Fox Indian who became a sports immortal in Stockholm's 1912 Olympiad by winning every event in the decathlon and pentathlon. Twice he won the American all-round championships. At the now discontinued Carlisle Indian School (Carlisle, Pennsylvania), Jim excelled in every sport attempted. He is still regarded as the greatest football player of all time.

1935, when I, developing 8 1/2-horsepower speed, could do only 9 8/10 seconds in 1912? Did Jesse Owens have more fuel in his body? Was he a better physiological specimen?

No, I don't believe so. I'll tell you why men are running 100 yards faster today than they did years ago. It's not that one human body is more perfect than the other. It is the outside factors. When I was running for the Carlisle Indian School at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, our coaches didn't know so much about training and muscle control, not so much about lung expansion. In the 28 years

since, science has taught track coaches many tricks.

Furthermore, progress has lent mechanical aids. Old-time sprinters started at the drop of a handkerchief. This made them slower than men being started today by guns, because human muscles react less quickly to sight than to sound. Starting blocks were another improvement, whipping speedsters off their marks, preventing slips and stumbles. And modern processed tracks, punished by improved spikes, have sped men faster and faster toward the human limit.

Most important, in my particular case, was that I never ran to set records. I ran only to win.

I recall the day Carlisle held a dual meet with Lafayette College. They had 20 men on their track team. We had only three Indians—Frank Mount Pleasant, Louis Tewanima, and myself. A big crowd turned out for the meet. Mount Pleasant and I won the sprints. Tewanima and I took the middle-distance events. And I was lucky enough to win most of the field contests. The three of us licked Lafayette!

In such competitions I ran only to win. I didn't extend myself. There was too much to do. And if some other runner pressed me faster than usual, well, I broke a



Photo: Universal Pictures

A TACKLING dummy sets the chat theme for the author (left) and Glenn S. ("Pop") Warner, advisory coach at San Jose (Calif.) State College and honorary Rotarian at Springville, N. Y.

record. My speed of 9 8/10 seconds never told the whole story. It wasn't the best I could do—but simply the best I had to do.

Today, on better tracks, with a better-trained body, with mechanical aids and finer competition, I would break Jesse Owens' record for the 100. I wouldn't have more muscle fuel, only better running conditions.

But with all factors considered, with the speed for the century distance cut down from ten seconds to 9 4/10 seconds in 50 years, what

do the next 50 years hold in store, and what, exactly, is the human limit?

A short time ago Brutus Hamilton, veteran California track coach, made the statement:

"No human will ever run 100 yards in nine seconds."

I disagree with Coach Hamilton. And many of my friends, athletes and experts, also disagree.

Charley Paddock, probably America's greatest sprinter, who represented the United States in two Olympics—at Antwerp and at Paris—told me that one day a dash ace would speed over the 100 in nine seconds flat. And Ralph Metcalfe, the Marquette University streak, while competing in the Los Angeles Olympics, predicted to me that the ultimate in 100-yard speed would be 9 2/10 seconds.

But I am even more radical in my predictions.

I am certain that within the next 50 years some streamlined sprint wonder will come plunging off the starting marks, his legs tattooing the hard-packed cinders with a speed never seen before. Where the average athlete requires, today, 45½ strides to cover the distance, this superman, adding extra inches to his stride, will require no more than 43. Where the average athlete feels fatigue at 60 yards, this superman will not know it until 80 yards. He will bullet into the tape at almost maximum velocity—

And he will run 100 yards in



8 8/10 seconds! That is my prediction for tomorrow.

Having participated in athletics during 30 of my 51 years of life, I know much that goes on "inside." I know that while Jesse Owens' 9 4/10 seconds may be the world's record for the dash, even he can do better—in fact, unofficially has done better. On April 23, 1935, at Columbus, Ohio, Owens gave an exhibition. Instead of bending, and starting from blocks as is required, he made a running start, whirled over the century distance, and was clocked at 8 4/10 seconds! It was the fastest time ever made by a human running under his own power. Unofficial, of course, because it was a running start—but it showed the potentialities of human speed.

Why, even Paddock, back almost 20 years ago, from a flying start did 100 yards in 8 9/10 seconds!

Believe me, all the records aren't in the books. And by knowing what isn't in the books, you can get a better idea of the real limit to human speed. In 1888, when amateurs couldn't improve on ten seconds, a professional named Charlie Samuels, of Australia, did 100 yards in 9 4/10. In 1902, a little Oriental, Minoru Fijuii, of Tokyo University, was also stop-watched at 9 4/10 seconds. And as for myself, though most people don't know it, my former coach, old "Pop" Warner, will testify that in an exhibition I once did 9 4/10 seconds!

But I'm going to tell you something much more amazing. I'm going to tell you of the fastest sprinter who ever lived, a man you may never have heard about because he was a professional, running races for a living, while the record books usually contain

only amateurs' accomplishments.

I am referring to R. P. Williams, who eventually became physical instructor at Wittenberg College, in Springfield, Ohio. Williams, in his prime, could have defeated, without trouble, any sprinter who ever lived. He could have left Paddock, Wykoff, Simpson, Tolan, Metcalfe, Owens, all of them, yards behind.

In May, 1906, two years before I became a football player at Carlisle, Williams ran an exhibition in Winthrop, Massachusetts. He ran 100 yards, on an accurately measured track — with five experts clocking him—in exactly nine seconds flat!

On that same afternoon, apparently with plenty of fuel left in his being, he ran another exhibition and was timed at 9 2/10 seconds! Moreover, at three different times, in torrid competition, racing in Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and Wisconsin, he covered the century in 9 2/10 seconds!

Now all the preceding records, for different reasons, are not official. Professional records are not recognized, for one thing. Then the competitors may have profited by abnormal conditions—a slight slope in the track, a wind at their backs, or something similar.

But all I've tried to point out is this: While 100 yards is not a long distance, maybe not farther than from your house to the corner, it is explosively strenuous, almost the maximum yardage a human body can cover at full speed. It is a painfully difficult distance on which to cheat Time. But the human limit can be reached—not as simply as you may think—but eventually, on some future day, when training, track, and competition are blended near perfection.

You must only be patient. I remind you, 50 years ago it took ten seconds to traverse that half block. Today it takes 9 4/10 seconds, and unofficially not even that long. And tomorrow, well, maybe not this Spring or Summer, maybe in several dozen Summers, men will do the 100 in 8 8/10 seconds. That will be the human limit. That's when glycogen in muscle fibers will call a halt.

Yes, in 8 8/10 seconds. Old Jim Thorpe may not be there to see it, but just remember he told you so!

Photo: Aeme



PAAVO NURMI, the "Flying Finn" (left) who set "distance" records in the 1920s, takes a turn about the track in a new rôle—as trainer of his countryman-protegé, Taisto Maki.

Who'll be Who in Havana



Photo: American Photo Studios

By Fernando Carbajal

Chairman, 1940 Convention Committee;
Member, Rotary Club of Lima, Peru

*A last-minute word about those who will speak this month
in El Centro Asturiano (above), the 1940 Convention Hall.*

THIRTY-THREE years ago my Government sent me to Cuba to study certain engineering projects. It was an interesting visit, during which I packed my head with figures and loaded my travelling bags with blueprints. The world, which had yet to learn the term "world war," seemed very good.

This month my love for Rotary is sending me to Cuba. This visit, too, will be a study, but of a different sort. For the thousands of us who will gather in Havana on June 9 for Rotary's 31st annual Convention, it will be another chapter in the book of international friendship, and we can expect to pack our memories with some of their fondest contents.

Yet we shall know solemn moments, too, as we listen to reports about our fellow Rotarians across the seas who are learning for the second time the dread import of those two words "world war."

Our Convention hosts are ready

for us. They tell us we shall set foot in Havana amid music and depart with the light of skyrocketts in our eyes. And they have made certain that there will not be a dull moment between our arrival and departure—unless we wish one, for a siesta perhaps.

In the May ROTARIAN, Luis Machado, Chairman of the Host Club Convention Committee, wrote compellingly of entertainment plans. It is my pleasure this month to tell of the speaking program. It is one of the briefest in the history of Rotary Conventions and, we hope, one of the most inspirational.

It is Sunday, June 9, let us say. We have had a busy day—finding our hotels, unpacking our luggage, strolling down the Prado, investigating sidewalk cafes, buying curios. And now it is 10 o'clock in the evening. With thousands of other Rotarians and their families, we have gathered in the auditorium of the Asturian Club—

which is to be the Convention Hall. We hear first an interlude of music which sets the mood of the evening—and then we are presented to the President of the Republic, Federico Laredo Bru, who will welcome the throng to his nation. Rotary's President, Walter D. Head, will preside and will respond to this greeting. An auspicious beginning to a great Convention!

Though by Monday, June 10, it may seem that the Convention has been "on" for a week, not until then does it open "officially." At 9:30 in the morning the Convention Hall will be packed to the exits for the first General Session. The Chairman will call first for brief messages of welcome from Carlos Manuel Calvet, President of the Rotary Club of Havana, and from Carlos Garate Bru, Governor of the host Rotary District. Responses will follow by Director-Nominee Cesar Andrade, a Past District Governor, of Guayaquil,

Ecuador, and by Frank Phillips, Rotary's Third Vice-President. The high point of the morning program will come in a message from President Head titled *Rotary, Present and Future*. Perhaps he will take as his text the theme of the Convention: "Rotary and Tomorrow's Call to Leadership." Extensive travel and constant study of Rotary's current problems during this year guarantee that President Walter will bring us words of profound importance.

AMONG numerous group meetings on Monday are the Ibero-American Assembly, which should this year be one of the largest in history. Along toward sundown the crippled-children assembly will take place, and I am happy to say that Rotarian Paul H. King, of Detroit, Michigan, President of the International Society for Crippled Children, will preside. At the same hour song leaders will gather to discuss problems peculiar to their trade.

And Monday evening . . . Ahhh! that feast of music and art out in the stadium of the University of Havana!

Which brings us to *Tuesday, June 11*. One of the truly unique aspects of Rotary's Conventions is its plan of meeting by vocations. Twenty-nine vocational craft assemblies will be held Tuesday morning and in them several thousand men from scores of nations will exchange views on the ethics and progress of their crafts.

Tuesday morning brings also the second General Session, during which we shall hear G. Ramirez Brown, Nicaraguan statesman and lawyer, speak on *Rotary from an Ibero-American Viewpoint*. Rotarian Ramirez is Rotary's Second Vice-President. Rotary's perennially keen and youthful Founder, Paul P. Harris, will also have a brief word for Convention-goers at this session, which at noon will resolve itself into the International Round-table. Under the Chairmanship of Past President Allen D. Albert, men from many parts of the world will report on the state of Rotary in their regions. Few items on any Rotary Convention program elicit more interest than this. "A Tropical Night in Cuba" at the Casino Deportivo de Palantino

(Sportmen's Club) will ring down the curtain on Tuesday.

Voting delegates—we recognize them by their celluloid lapel buttons—will have to arise early *Wednesday morning, June 12*. A three-hour session of balloting and other Rotary business will await them. But other Conventioners will not want to lie abed long either, for Wednesday morning is reserved for group assemblies wherein boys workers will discuss their problems, Club Presidents will explore their opportunities, Club publication editors will study the phenomenal Rotary press, *et cetera*. The third General Session, which is to take place late Wednesday morning, is to be a business session, but during it we will learn the winners of the 1938-39 Clubs-of-the-Year Contest and of the 1940 Convention Attendance Contest.

Convention entertainment is to reach its climax on Wednesday evening in the Reception and Ball in honor of President and Mrs Head and the other Officers of Rotary International and their ladies. The Casino Deportivo de la Playa will be the scene of this brilliant event.

And now it is *Thursday, June 13*, which brings the fourth and last of the General Sessions. Just four full meetings of the Convention body. We shall see this morning how a Texan works in the Tropics when Song Leader Walter R. Jenkins, of Houston, opens the meeting by bidding us to air our vocal chords with some good Rotary tunes. After a minute or two of routine reports we shall hear the announcement of the election of Rotary's President and Rotary's Treasurer for 1940-41 and shall elect the Directors.

Guy Gundaker, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, is a Past President of Rotary International. If it could be said that he is interested in any one aspect of Rotary more than another, Vocational Service would be that aspect. It is appropriate, therefore, that Past President Gundaker should give the Vocational Service address of the Convention in this closing session. *You Must Do It Yourself* is the title he has chosen.

Following him to the rostrum, after a musical interlude, will come a man whose ideas are com-

mon to millions and whom Rotary can claim as a true and deeply interested friend. I refer to Dr. Walter B. Pitkin, of New York City. His theory that "life begins at 40," which he set down in a book by that title, has had worldwide circulation. It is not uncommon to hear it mentioned in my home city of Lima. Of all the subjects upon which this educator and journalist might speak with true authority, Dr. Pitkin has chosen one close to his heart—*Finding and Training Tomorrow's Leaders*. This man knows young men and women and has dealt with thousands of them. He knows their needs and their potentialities. I am glad I shall have a good seat for this address.

While only an hour of the last session remains, it is a vitally important hour, filled with presentations of many who have planned the Convention, with the presentation and election of Elective Officers of the General Council in Great Britain and Ireland, and of the District Governors and Representatives.

At the stroke of 12:05 P.M. we shall witness the presentation of Rotary's new President and the other incoming officers and Directors and shall hear the new President. But the last word, as always, goes to the outgoing President, and once again President Walter D. Head will address us. For him it will be a moment in which nostalgia at parting, relief from heavy duty, and optimism for the future all mingle. Few other Presidents have had more trying years—few have seen more opportunities ahead.

THEN, in the tradition of Rotary Conventions, we will close the week with *Auld Lang Syne*, a song that seems to mean the same thing to all men. Nought will remain but the farewells, but, as you can see, we have left all of Thursday afternoon and all of Friday for the saying of them. That, I think, is wise—for saying good-by to Cuba should not be hurried. A spot as charming as this land deserves a long and leisurely leave-taking.

So come, listen, chat, play, and learn. Cuba has opened the book of international understanding—and we have but to read.

Romp They Must!

The camera, turning child psychologist, traces play from play pen to playground, and looks at recreation.

PLAY is the business of childhood . . . but ask any frank 6-year-old *why* he plays and he will probably answer: "Cuz I like to, Crazy. It's fun."

Then go to the thinkers, ancient and contemporary. Ask them why children play, and what play is. Aristotle will answer that play is a catharsis. Spencer, that it's a pop-off valve for surplus energy. Hall will say it is a "recapitulation" to the serious activities of primitive man. Froebel, founder of the kindergarten, will advise that play is any occupation in which children delight. And the moderns will say that play is simply "free, spontaneous, and self-rewarding" activity. Or, perhaps, that play is "social behavior."

But so much for the definitions which, taken together, seem to conclude, as Plato did, that education should begin with the wise direction of children's games.

The camera, as child psychologists around the world are learning, has much to tell about play. The photos on this and the next three pages confirm that, but they have a more specific purpose. It is twofold: *First*, they show some of the elemental play activities of infancy and how they go with the child, as he grows, to the playground. For instance, a 2-year-

old likes to climb. It gives him a certain kinesthetic or muscular sensation of pleasure. Once up, say on a chair, he looks down; he feels a slight fear, but actually more pleasure since the security of the floor is near. What piece of playground apparatus or what sort of play gives him, when older, the same sensations? When the young climber jumps, he enjoys another sort of tactile thrill. What kind of play equipment or activity will later satisfy his appetite for jumping? The following photographic sequences are an answer.

Second, the photos point the need for ample, well-planned playgrounds and good apparatus. City planners assert that, ideally, a community should have ten acres of park and playground development for each 1,000 of population. And that about three of the ten acres should be in playgrounds accessible to all residential districts.* Incidentally, Rotarians, such as those of Alton, Illinois, have found in community surveys that playgrounds make welcome white spots on maps of juvenile delinquency.

But room to play is one thing. Apparatus is another. Still another is the growing belief that playground play should, in part,

* The recommendation of the Chicago Regional Planning Association.

I SWINGING: Since a baby's muscular development begins in the neck and works down his body as he grows, he uses his arm and shoulder muscles early. While pediatricians may frown on suspending infants by their fingers, most would approve of flying rings and swings which give older children the same kinesthetic sensations.



Photos: (left) Acme; (center) Harold M. Lambert; (right) H. Armstrong Roberts



HERE'S *joie de vivre!* Her own simple push-up game gives this 2-year-old muscular exercise, a sense of balance—and a thrill.

be directed "creative" play, embracing craftwork, sports training, perhaps even gardening. Recreation, according to this view, should be a balance of sports and of activities that give opportunity for free self-expression. That phase of the picture is approached herein also.

Romp they must, as every parent knows. But romping bespeaks room to romp, something safe to romp on, and also a bit of guidance as to the happiest and most satisfying kind of play—and that is where the grown-ups come in.

—KARL K. KRUEGER





2 CLIMBING: Whether or not it is a survival of the day when man had to climb to stay alive, climbing seems instinct in children. "Jungle gyms" (next to right) may be an improvement on the tree.



Photos: (left and center) Galloway; (right) Harold M. Lambert



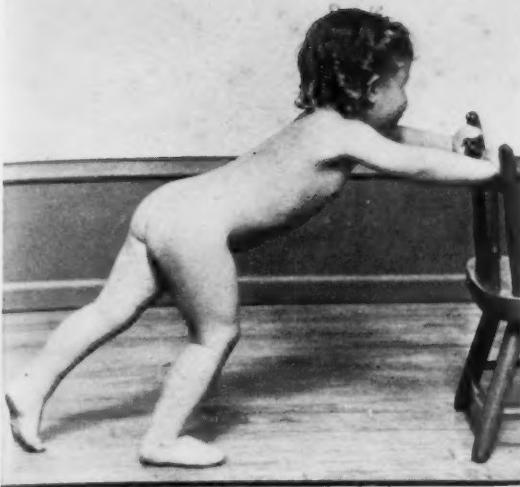
4 JUMPING: Rope skipping and leapfrog bring almost all the muscles into play—and, at the same time, partially fulfill the human desire to get off the ground or to jump from an elevation.



Photos: (left to right above) Acme, Gendreau, Studio Deutch; (left to right below) H. A. Roberts, (2 & 3) Gendreau

6 THROWING: A child does not have to be taught to throw, but when he begins to play games in which throwing is an essential—baseball, basketball, horseshoes—then he must learn to coördinate eye and muscle. That's when good coaching helps.





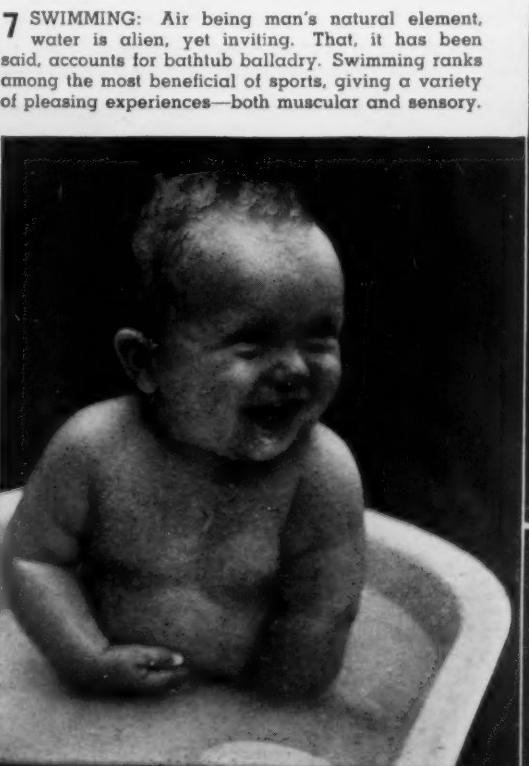
3 PUSHING-SLIDING: Children like to set things in motion, themselves included. The chute-the-chutes has long since proved itself as a gratifier of that craving. Circular chutes (not shown) are now popular.

Photos: (left to right above) (1 & 2) H. A. Roberts; Warren Boyer from Gendreau



5 RUNNING: It's a great day for the baby when he forsakes his primitive crawl and first walks erect. Running games—hockey, for example—probably recapture some of the exhilaration of that moment.

Photos: (left above) Kaufmann & Fabry; (above and all below) Gendreau



7 SWIMMING: Air being man's natural element, water is alien, yet inviting. That, it has been said, accounts for bathtub balladry. Swimming ranks among the most beneficial of sports, giving a variety of pleasing experiences—both muscular and sensory.



Photos: (above and right) H. Armstrong Roberts

B MANIPULATION: "Cute" will not suffice as a description of the photo above. It has somewhat larger significance. Placing their pink-soled feet together required a little more cerebration of these two small girls than some of the activities seen in the preceding sequences. Too, it required interaction of minds. All in all, the photo is a fair sample of early play that has begun to call upon the higher reaches of the mind. . . . More than mere muscle is also going into the block tower the little girl at the right is building. Successfully she is applying what she has learned about balance in earlier trials.

This sort of originality is encouraged at every turn by progressive play directors. Consider the photo below. Here a group of boys was "turned out" in the school yard, where they found an assortment of boxes, cans, and barrels. In short order and entirely "on their own," they built this locomotive, complete to smokestack. . . . Shaping a good stout boat in a park-house basement, as these young men (below right) are doing, is play even though of highly specialized form. The emphasis in modern recreation, according to one authority, is shifting to year-round project work such as this which develops latent talent as it yields pleasure.



Photos: (below) National College of Education; (below right and bottom) Chicago Park District



CITY CHILDREN who live on porches and pavements think the small garden strips (below) which their park systems give them "the best thing in the park." For many this is their first feel of the soil.

MASTER "ED" and his marionettes—a city boy who found an art and himself in a park fieldhouse.





We Let the

Bees Do the Work

WHILE I WAS inspecting the marigolds at Floradale, California, last Summer, a small boy with plenty of curiosity from a neighboring farm came over to check up on why we grew nothing but flowers on our place. He seemed to think we ought to get something more useful than blossoms from our acres.

"Well, Bobby," I asked, "what are you going to raise when you grow up?"

"Rabbits," he replied, without hesitation.

"Why rabbits?"

"Because it's easy money," he declared. "The mother rabbit does all the work."

Then he noticed that we had moved several hives of bees into the marigold patch overnight.

"Say, what are all these bees doing in here?" he demanded.

I told him that we had a big pollination job to do and explained how every time a bee made a round trip from a hive to a dozen flowers, it spread pollen and made a handful of good fertile seeds for somebody's garden. Bobby was tremendously impressed.

"I'd call that easy money if you let the bees do all the work," he

A Story of Modern Plant Wizardry . . .

By David Burpee
As told to Frank J. Taylor

exclaimed, with eyes sparkling.

Well, the bees didn't do all the work in our marigold patch, but they did the hardest part of the job for us last Summer. If we hadn't put half a million bees on our seed-farm payroll at Floradale, there would have been no red-and-gold marigolds in anyone's garden this Summer. As it was, the bees "scooped" the world by making for us a sensational new flower that just didn't exist the year before.

For decades one of the dreams of plant breeders had been a break that would give us marigolds in many colors. The sweet pea began its civilized life two centuries ago with but one color, an uninspired purplish gray, and it was bred to the galaxy of beautiful

shades we know today. The zinnia started in the garden as a little unprepossessing magenta flower and gradually broke to glorious hues. Similar evolution improved nasturtiums, petunias, and most other favorites.

But marigolds remained as they were described three centuries ago in Bauhin's *Herb Book*, the first garden handbook. He divided them into two main groups, the "Little Red Tunis Flower," or brown-red French marigold with velvety petals, and "the large Tunis Flower, much larger than the first, but found only in shades of yellow and orange." No other flower in the garden has more obstinately resisted the wiles of breeders to develop colors or to cross the two species.

"You've bred the body odor out of marigolds and you've changed their flowering habits so that they blossom early instead of late," I pleaded with hybridizers at Floradale. "Why can't you do something about new colors?"

"We've tried every trick we know, boss; they just won't cross," Rotarian W. T. Hoag, manager of the farm, invariably assured me.

I knew that sooner or later the

color break in marigolds would come, just as it had in other flowers. Being eager to share in the great event, I hounded every plant breeder I encountered to work on a new color in "Mary's Gold." Although a good many skilled flower men tackled the problem, year after year passed without anything happening. The big round double African variety clung to its few shades of yellow and orange. The little French one stuck to its velvety red petals.

The obvious first step was to marry the two marigolds. Scores of pollinators undertook to promote this match, but one Dan Cupid after another got exactly nowhere. The big yellow Africans and the little red French marigold just weren't intrigued by each other. Technically, they were too distantly related in species to cross normally—a matter of chromosomes.

One of the men I interested in this marigold matrimonial problem was Dr. William Henry Eyster, a distinguished geneticist of Bucknell University. The doctor promised to take a clinical look into the matter and find out why the Africans spurned the French, or vice versa. One day in mid-Summer of 1936 he came to see me with a paper box in his hand.

"Here's that marigold you wanted," he began. "I've crossed a French and an African, and here's the result."

In the box lay a flower the like of which I had dreamed for years, a large double marigold shaped like the African, but with the velvety red color of the French.

"Hooray!" I shouted. "Doctor, you've got something."

"Don't hooray yet," he laughed. "This hybrid won't do you any good, because it's sterile and won't set seed, but I just thought you'd like to see what the marigold you've been talking about all these years would look like, if you could grow it."

My hopes crashed. The Doctor

had mated the two marigolds all right, but the offspring was a "mule," unable to perpetuate itself. We were stymied, unless Nature would hand us a mutation, as she had done in the color breaks of other flowers. But we might have



KNEE-DEEP in sweet peas, Marigold-Grower David Burpee (left) talks of pollination with his superintendent, Rotarian W. T. Hoag.

to wait for decades, maybe centuries. It took 200 years to build the sweet pea. I wanted to do this marigold job within my lifetime.

For months after Dr. Eyster's tantalizing visit, I brewed the marigold dilemma over in my mind. He had proved in his laboratory test that the two species could be mated. There were a dozen different kinds of French marigolds and twice that many Africans.

"There must be some combination among all these types that will work," I told Bill Hoag. "Why don't you cross every French marigold with every African marigold there is? Maybe there will be one mating that will give us a big red flowering type that is fertile."

Bill Hoag's ever-ready pencil and paper came out and he did some hasty figuring.

"Do you know how many crosses that means?" he asked. "There will be over 270 combinations and over half a million crosses."

He reminded me that each marigold is not just one flower, but a

colony of from 300 to 500 flowers, and that it would take a pollinator an hour to dust pollen on all the flowers of a single marigold.

"Do you want a red marigold enough to pay for half a million crosses?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "I want it that much. Make the crosses."

So he planted two acres of marigolds specially for the job. Crossing that many marigolds was a terrific undertaking. Every morning for two months Darold Decker and his assistant were out in the marigold patch, shaking pollen from the French varieties onto glass plates, from which they scraped it into test tubes. They had to gather their pollen by 10 o'clock, because after that hour the bees had it. From then until sundown they painstakingly dusted it onto the African flowers with brushes, carefully tickling each of the 300 or more individual flowers in the colony, after which the cluster was tagged and the family tree of both the pollen and the female flower recorded in the marigold book. Finally, the pollinated flower was covered with muslin to keep the bees from undoing the work.

That Autumn we gathered a quarter of a million seeds, not knowing whether any of them were fertile or not. I couldn't wait until the next Summer to find out and urged Bill Hoag to plant them at our Winter garden at Chula Vista, near the California-Mexico border.

"What's the rush?" he asked. "The world has waited 300 years for a red marigold. It ought to be able to wait one more."

"Well, I can't," I told him. "Let's plant some trials at the Winter farm. Let me know the minute they come into blossom."

Early in January a telegram came to me in the East from Hoag: "RED HYBRIDS IN BLOOM ONE IS A KNOCKOUT BETTER COME AND SEE IT."

I caught the next plane for California.

One marigold in all that two-acre patch was worth the price of the ticket. Standing about 18 inches high, this plant bore magnificent red-and-gold blossoms, as large and as double as those of its African mother, but in the deep velvety scarlet-mahogany

color of its French father. It was a brighter red than I had ever seen in a French marigold. Bill Hoag watched me to see how I reacted to the gorgeous hybrid.

"Pretty swell, isn't it?" he asked. "But don't forget these marigolds are all mules. They're sterile and they can't reproduce themselves. The only way we can grow them is to hand-cross the Frenchmen with the Africans. And," he consulted his note pad, "we couldn't grow hybrid seed for less than a nickel apiece. Who ever heard of anybody paying that for marigold seed?"

That appeared to settle the fate of the hybrid with the velvety red petals, burnished golden in color underneath. It was a grand flower, the finest custom-built flower I had seen in years, yet it could never be enjoyed by gardeners. I was so tantalized by the marigold I drifted out to see it several times a day, hoping to hit on a practical way to cross-pollinate the French and the African types economically. One morning I watched a bee buzz around the hybrid flowers, then zoom off, and I had the answer. I made a bee-line for the office.

"Bill, we're going to grow these hybrid marigolds commercially," I shouted. "We're going to let the bees do all the work of pollinating."

"Bees!" exploded Bill. "Bees are always mixing up our pollination work. That's why we have to build cages over plants. You can't teach bees to land on just the flowers you want crossed and to skip all the others."

As superintendent of a seed farm, Bill Hoag is used to listening to crazy ideas from headquarters. Like the great marigold smelling bee, when I asked to have every marigold plant on the farm, half a million of them in all, sniffed individually in the hope of finding an odorless variety. Or the time I wanted 50,000 nasturtiums pollinated by hand in one month—and he had to employ 100 women on the job. But the idea of running a kindergarten to train bees to do the pollinating was too much for Bill. He blew

up and I thought I would be looking for another garden superintendent until I managed to calm him down.

"We'll plant alternating rows of French and African marigolds," I explained. "As you know, about half the Africans are male sterile. We'll save them and yank the male fertile plants out. When the marigolds blossom, we'll rent several hives of bees and scatter them around the patch. The only place the bees will find any pollen is on the Frenchmen, but they'll look for it on the Africans and they'll dust enough pollen on the Africans to fertilize them. It's just like the hand-crosses you made, only this time we let the bees do the work."

"By golly, that ought to work," exclaimed Bill. "How many crosses do you want to make?"

"Enough for 50 pounds of seed."

"That's a lot," replied Bill, reaching for his pad and pencil.

"Why, that's over 7 million crosses. Nobody ever made anywhere near that number before."

"Nobody ever let the bees do the work before," I told him. "Put a lot of bees on the payroll. Ten or twelve hives of them."

He followed the scheme to the letter, planting five acres to French and Africans in alternating rows. The French were planted about three weeks after the Africans, because they come into flower that much sooner. There was a lot of work before the bees took over their job, the really difficult and tedious task. All the undesired Africans bearing male fertile flowers had to be yanked out by the roots, a job which seedsmen call "roguing." That done, ten hives with a total population of half a million bees were brought in from the sage-covered hills by a bee man, who collected \$2 per month per hive for the services of [Continued on page 56]



THE NEW red-and-gold hybrid marigold towers above its little French "father" on the left and its huge African "mother" on the right. Its "birth" is a dream realized.

A LOT OF TALK ABOUT



THIS tipping BUSINESS

I'm a Sucker No More!

Asserts Ray Inman
Artist, Niles Center, Illinois

I HAVE BEEN a sucker long enough, so I've decided to quit tipping—I hope! This business of tipping is just a petty racket anyway, and I need my small change for other things, including my four children.

Yes, I used to tip, but it wasn't because I wanted to. I felt that I "just had to" pass out nickels, dimes, and quarters because it was expected. Now, I'd like to start a League of Former Suckers. Why?

Because tipping is hypocritical, absurd, and undemocratic. When I pay for a meal or a shave or to have my car hauled out from a parking lot so that I can drive it away, why should I with my dimes and quarters salve the conscience of an employer who doesn't pay a proper wage?

Take the waitress who works for a \$3-a-week salary. Out of this amount she must pay \$1 weekly for carfare, buy clothes, and keep herself neat and attractive—an essential in her business—unless she gets tips to make up a decent wage. I've been moved by sympathy to help her, but it's unfair. Her employer keeps down her wages because he knows that a lot of suckers will help pay his bills.

If the restaurant owner has to raise the price of my steak a few cents to meet employment costs and pay decent wages, I'll not be the one to grumble. At least I'll

know what I'm going to pay in advance so that I can enjoy my meal, and not be high-pressed into an indeterminate amount by cheap coquetry.

Ah, but you say, the tippees do a "personal service" for you. That may have been a justification in *ye olden dayes*, but as an argument for tipping it's *reductio ad absurdum* now.

Consider the always winsome hat-check girl. Have you noticed that in many places she drops the tip into a locked box? Why? Because she's on a salary—usually a small one—to a concessionaire who is commercializing whatever spontaneity the good old custom ever had. Some tipping syndicates pay as high as \$20,000 a year to certain New York cafe owners who cater to a monied clientele.



You think you give the little girl a quarter as compensation for "personal service"—but don't kid yourself. It won't buy her an Easter bonnet. Where does it go? Be around when the concessionaire drives up in his limousine and you may understand.

Now consider the barber, a self-respecting one. Why should he be subjected to the indignity of a tip? You don't tip a garage mechanic, and yet both the barber and the mechanic have gone to trade or professional schools to fit themselves for their jobs.

Nor do you tip clerks, though they trot out two dozen neckties and turn their stocks upside down to please you. Barbers, mechanics, clerks—they simply do their jobs, even as you and I, and that's that.

And what of the postman? Doesn't he give "special service" by placing mail right in the box at my doorstep? If I must tip the deliverer of a telegram, why shouldn't I tip my postman? Why shouldn't I look down upon him, too—place him in a class below me by dropping alms in his palm?

And the bellboys! There is an absurdity! Why, I've heard tales of bellboys working in metropolitan hotels who arrive at work in chauffeured cars. If bellhops can do that, there's no sense to my going around with pockets stuffed with silver to reward them for carrying a suitcase or extending me the use of the elevator.

Tipping as a throwback to feudal times is a mark of servitude:

it's out of keeping with high business ethics, and it stifles the desire to dignify one's profession. It makes for class distinction, and has about as much place in democratic society as the feudal lance, the rapier, and the knout. It's hypocritical, absurd, and undemocratic.

Yes, I used to tip!

I Tip for Special Service!

Says George A. Lerrigo
*Newspaper Publisher
Overbrook, Kansas*

A PLUMED KNIGHT, resplendent in glistening armor and astride a spangled stallion, charged up to the great door of a walled castle. A beggar dozing in the shade jumped to his feet, struggled with the gate, and flung it wide.

For this service from the ragged wretch, the titled lord of lands and vassals tossed him a coin. The gesture was one of gallantry, a token flung from the great to the lowly.

Thus back in feudal days, when men were classed with privileges and without money and rights, the tip had a certain nobility. It was in keeping with the tradition of knighthood; it bespoke the chivalry of the landed gentleman toward slaves and freemen.

But tipping has come a long way since then, and today means extra income for public servants. It is common knowledge that employees of hotels, restaurants, barber shops, beauty parlors, and "public" places are paid a certain wage by proprietors, who indicate that employees must supplement their wages by good service resulting in tips. And the average public servant has come to expect this income.

This, in my opinion, is far from a proper arrangement. In the first place, when you visit where public service is given, you pay a certain amount of money for the service of the management. Therefore you have a right to expect good service from the employees through the amount you've already paid. Why must good service depend upon tips?

However, I would not, by any manner of means, say that tipping should be done away with. I am of the opinion that tipping can be

regarded as a personal matter between the employee and the person being served.

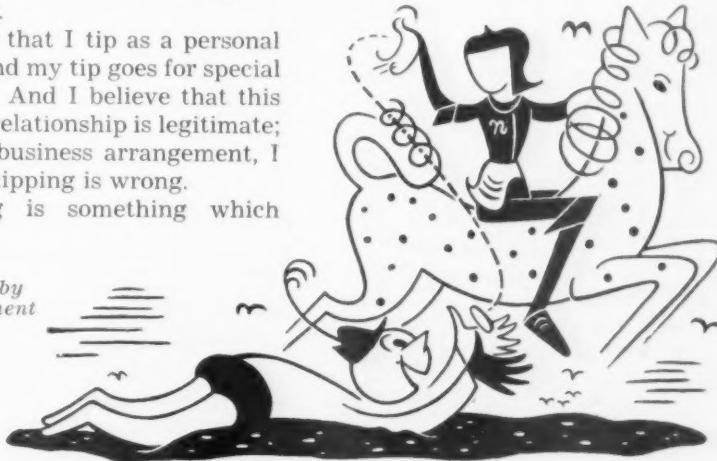
If the employee serving me obviously tries to give me excellent service—in my own opinion—then it is up to me as to whether or not I wish to tip. The tip is not something forced upon me or any other guest by a management which fails to meet my requirements for healthy employee-employer relationships. The tip becomes an expression of goodwill between me and the man or woman serving me.

The employee who offers his services with the expectation of a tip as his only motive, does himself no good, nor does he make popular the custom. And by a strange paradox, the employee who cheerfully and efficiently looks after my wants without regard for a tip is the most apt to receive it.

So it is that I tip as a personal matter, and my tip goes for special services. And I believe that this personal relationship is legitimate; but as a business arrangement, I feel that tipping is wrong.

Tipping is something which

*Cartoons by
John Norment*



should not be included in any employee's business standards, and if such a thing occurs, then the employee is abusing that privilege. Anyone who gets something which he appreciates will show appreciation. That appreciation will be a tip for personal service, and will be given as gallantly as any knight could bestow it.

Tips Bother Barbers . . .

Holds John Keenan
*Barber-Shop Proprietor
Beloit, Wisconsin*

TIPPING? Well, it's all right, if a fellow wants to tip his barber, but I'm not strongly in favor of the practice. I don't think it's necessary, nor do I think it's especially good business. And it's likely to disrupt the harmony and

efficiency of an otherwise well-regulated shop.

I've cut a lot of hair and scraped a lot of chins in my 47 years behind a barber chair, and in all these years I've tried to give every customer his money's worth. I've given him the best job I could, never expecting "something extra."

When a man walks into my shop, whether he's a stranger or a member of the Beloit Rotary Club, I want him to get what he came for at the standard price set for the job he wants done. I think every customer deserves that kind of treatment—and I wouldn't be worthy of Rotary if I didn't.

I don't prohibit tipping in my shop, but I certainly don't encourage it. I've seen it work hardships on the customer, ruin men who might otherwise have been master

craftsmen in the art of barbering, and fill a shop with jealousy. This is the way it can work.

A barber knows that the customer in his chair isn't a fellow who tips, so he does a "so-so" job. Not a really bad job, but not the best he can do, nor a job which exhibits pride in his work. He cheats the customer and he cheats himself and his profession. But if he knows the customer is a tipper, the story is entirely different. He becomes a politician, and goes after that tip rather than a satisfied customer who will remain a friend of the shop and come back again and again.

The barber who works just for his tips becomes the wrong kind of a barber. He doesn't do a first-class piece of hair cutting, shaving, massaging, or whatever else

it is that he's doing on everybody. But he should. That's his business. So I say it spoils that barber. And it spoils the efficiency of the barber shop, to say nothing of the more or less victimized customer.

A shop in which several members of the staff work on tips and do little "extras" for their special customers is bound to have a certain amount of confusion. Customers used to tipping and getting a special dash of tonic will invariably come into a shop and wait an hour to get into the chair of a tip-grabbing barber. He expects more than the regular price calls for—whether he actually gets it or not—and he mixes up the routine of first come, first served.

And what about the barber who plugs along day after day, doing his level best to give customers everything the fair price demands? Isn't he apt to get just a bit jealous, just a bit fed up on standing with an empty chair when several tipping customers wait for their "favorites"? If he keeps his pride and "delivers" to everyone, he can't be blamed for jealousy—or can he?

Now what about rivalry? Here are a pair of barbers working eight hours a day beside each other. They should be good friends, working for the mutual good of their shop. But when these two men start bidding against each other for the tipping customer and resent the fact that one or the other garners more tips, the boss had better watch his organization. And he'd better look to the future of his business.

Tips Are My Living!

Says Jack Wolf
Veteran Pullman Porter
Chicago, Illinois

YOU'LL get only a painful look for your trouble if you try to tell an old-time Pullman porter that he'd be better off with a higher salary and no tips. He knows that to abolish tipping would abolish his job.

This is the way it would work. The porter is paid on a wage scale ranging from \$89.50 a month for new men to \$127.50 for veterans in charge—not exactly starvation wages, and an item of almost a

million dollars a month for the Pullman Company. In order to raise this basic scale, the company would have to charge more for Pullman accommodations, thereby losing business to airlines and busses. Retrenchment would of necessity follow, with half the porters on the streets and the remaining ones serving three cars apiece.



That isn't likely to happen, because porters and travellers alike so strongly favor the tipping system that prohibition of it would be harder to enforce than the 18th Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. Nontipping laws have been passed in at least three States—all the difference they made was that quarters were left under pillows or put in the porter's lockers instead of his palm—and legislators who passed the laws were worst offenders.

People demand the right and privilege of evaluating and paying for personal services. And the Negro porter doesn't feel discredited in the master-servant relationship. He knows he's a good servant—an inheritance from generations of training—and is doing better on that basis than he would if thrown into competition with whites on an unskilled-labor basis at unskilled-labor wages.

He also has more time with his family than most of the men he waits upon—five days off for every 10, 11, or 12 days on the road. And the Pullman Company has been kind to him. No porter, in or out of service, has ever filled a pauper's grave. He may be a servant on the train, but he's a "big shot" in his own community.

He owns his own home, sometimes several apartment houses, or other property, and sends his children to college. Some porters are preachers—many rise from

this groundwork in human relationships to become doctors, lawyers, even legislators.

Under the tipping system a porter can make of his job what he will, according to his ability. He's a salesman of personality on a commission basis. Incidentally, a porter in charge of a car makes a commission when he talks you into changing your berth for more expensive accommodations, such as a single-occupancy section or a room. A good man can make \$150 a month in tips on the same "run" as a mediocre one makes \$50.

The average tip is a quarter a night for section passengers, a half-dollar for compartment or drawing-room passengers. A few tips may be lower, but they will be offset by a few larger ones.

The buffet and parlor car daylight runs between New York and Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington are the best in the United States, with tips running to \$150 and \$200 a month.

Human frailty being what it is, the tipping system keeps porters on their toes and taxes their ingenuity to please every passenger.

Not only would the service suffer, but the job would assume more the aspect of dull, mechanical drudgery and less of self-directed adventure. You wouldn't find people postponing a trip until they could ride with "their" porter.

For once you can *take* a tip from a seasoned porter: we're one group who will fight to the last ditch against higher salaries—if it would mean the loss of our tips.

Why Tips in Hotels. . . .

Told by Charles Heiss
Hotel Manager
St. Louis, Missouri

FROM the point of view of the hotel operator in the United States, tipping is a problem that he cannot do much about. It is such a habit with the travelling public that even if there were a percentage charge for service, many hotel patrons would still tip.

And while the custom is considered a nuisance by many operators, it does offer an effective incentive to many employees. Service in hotels is usually better than in clubs, where tipping is not permitted. As a result, the more

ambitious employees prefer to work in hotels where, by giving good service, they can earn extra money through tips.

It would be necessary to charge higher prices for rooms, food, beverages, and other hotel service if there were no tipping, or charge a percentage of the entire bill to meet cost of service. Hotel payrolls already are high, inasmuch as in first-class hotels from one and one-half to two and one-half employees are required for every registered guest.

The large number of employees is due to the fact that a hotel operates 24 hours a day and 365 days a year, so that some employees are working at no matter what hour of the day or night a guest may arrive. Naturally, this re-



sults in a high labor cost in relation to total receipts, such average cost generally being one-third per dollar of gross receipts.

The European plan of adding 10 percent to the bill does not solve the problem. It helps the hotels to meet certain minimum wage and hour standards, which are required by law, but both the hotel employer and the employees still expect the hotel patrons to tip—and they do tip.

It is interesting to observe the attitudes that have developed in different countries in connection with tipping. The Englishman tips "to insure promptness," and here we find a trace of the origin of tips. Old English taverns or inns had a colored box nailed on the wall with the initials "T.I.P."

The Frenchman says to the employee serving him, "*Pourboire*," which means "for drink." The German word for tip is *trinkgeld*, meaning "drink money," while the Spanish *propina* (tip) is given *para cigarros*—for cigarettes.

The American, however, in his easy manner, may give a tip and say: "Here! Buy yourself a Ford."

Tip 10 Percent . . .

Suggests Alvin B. Carder

*Restaurant Proprietor
Chicago and Hollywood*

LIKE it or not, tipping is an established custom. It's here to stay, and we might just as well face it realistically and work it out.

As a restaurant owner, I appreciate the qualms of the dining-out public. Why not tip 10 percent of your check? This plan will please your waitress, and it's a good rule to follow in the best of circles.

I'd suggest that you tip 10 percent of your check if it's \$1 or more, and if it's 50 cents or less, decide for yourself. If you feel you can't afford to tip on a check of 50 cents or less, don't tip. But if you like the service you get, if your waitress is pleasant and willing, and you feel like tipping, by all means do it. You'll feel better and so will she.

A magazine article criticizing tipping by Alvin F. Harlow has been called to my attention. He thinks that the practice is fast approaching "ridiculous extremes," and declares that salesgirls and soda jerkers both give and receive gratuities. "And some people even tip at the Automat," he charges.

Well, this can't be blamed on the waitress, and it illustrates the point that a degree of judgment must be exercised.

Helen Bartlett, etiquette editor of the Chicago Tribune, takes a sensible view, declaring that 10 percent is a good rule, and offers these suggestions: chambermaid, 25 to 50 cents a night; bellboy, 15 or 20 cents; boy for paging, 25 cents; checking wraps, 10 cents; small room service, 10 cents; taxi driver, 10 percent; Pullman porter, 50 cents a night; and straight 10 percent for dining-rooms.

Emily Post, another noted arbiter of etiquette, approves a tip of 30 cents on a bill of \$3 and 35 cents on a bill of \$3.10. If you eat at a lunch counter, she says, a tip of 5 cents is permitted. If several persons—say three—eat together, and the total bill is \$1.75, why not each put in a dime?

Mrs. Roosevelt, America's First Lady, argues that tipping is wrong—but offers the practical suggestion that tips be added to bills and the total amount received be equally distributed among employees on pay day.

That 10 percent service charge is, I think, a happy solution to the problem wherever it can be worked. Obviously, it is less applicable in restaurants where the average charge is small, but where dinner checks run \$1 or more, the 10 percent service charge works out well. It doesn't cramp the fellow who feels especially liberal and wants to give more, yet accustoms the waiter to expecting only 10 percent.

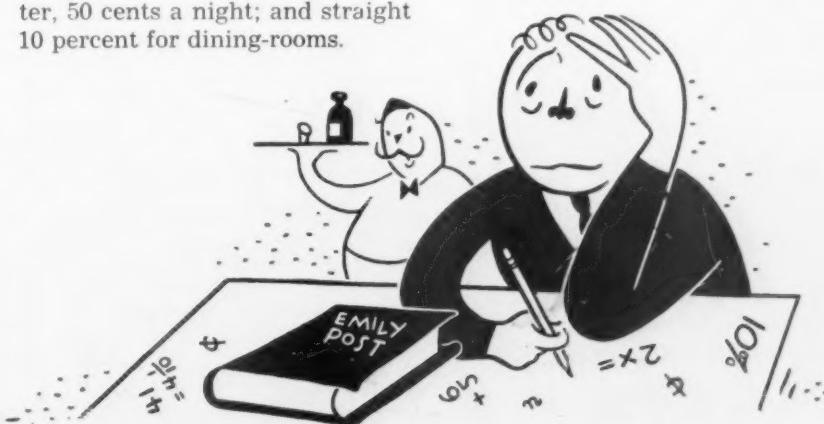
Now, Tips on Tipping . . .

From J. J. Mariner

*Thos. Cook & Son
New York City*

TIPPING originated in Europe and spread to other countries across the seas, so it is logical that it is an established custom on ships. Regardless of arguments pro and con, tipping will be expected of the traveller journeying to and from Rotary's Convention in Havana, Cuba, this June. And here are a few tips for him on tipping as it is done—not necessarily as he would have it.

For the short (overnight) trip between Miami, Florida, and Havana, the [Continued on page 60]



More Power to Rotary!

By Walter D. Head

President of Rotary International

AT SOME POINT in their lives most men dream of the immense human good they could do with great wealth. They see themselves beautifying ugly neighborhoods, stamping out disease, sending eager youths to school, spreading useful knowledge.

But few men can be Rockefellers or Rosenwalds, Guggenheim or Nobels. Who but an Andrew Carnegie could set aside 125 million dollars with the sole provision that it be used for the "improvement of mankind"? Who but a Rockefeller could give 75 million dollars for the improvement of medical schools, and many other millions for other worthy ends?

THE LATE BELOVED Will Rogers once wrote: "Course we are all just a-hangin' on here as long as we can. I don't know why we hate to go, we know it's better there. Maybe it's because we haven't done anything that will live after we are gone."

Most of us—if we could—would like to have the best of ourselves live on, as have the Rockefellers and the Carnegies. To any man who wears the Rotary wheel and whose thoughts follow this pattern, I suggest a study of the Rotary Foundation as a device whereby men of small or great substance can project themselves into the future.

The idea of such a foundation "to preserve the Rotary ideal" was first proposed at Rotary's Convention in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1917. President Arch C. Klumph, of Cleveland, Ohio, came forward with the suggestion in his year-end address. In following months the Rotary Club of Kansas City, Kansas, made a small (but the *first*) contribution and the international Board placed unused odds and ends from other funds alongside that. When the Ostend Convention gave the endowment constitutional status in 1927, it totalled but \$3,700.

A year later the present name,

A word about Rotary's Foundation, which, having proved its principle, now enters a new and significant phase.

the Rotary Foundation, was adopted and a provision was made for an administrative body. To the Foundation trustees was charged the responsibility of expending the principal or the income of the Foundation for the furtherance of the purposes of Rotary International or the Objects of Rotary, or any worthy purpose, movement, object, or institution approved by the Board of Directors of Rotary International.

In its relatively short life and in spite of its modest size, the Rotary Foundation has acquitted itself well. Consider, for instance, what it has achieved through the Institutes of International Understanding. It was a small grant from the Foundation which enabled Rotary to start them. A special section was set up in the Chicago office of the Secretariat to study, experiment, plan, and finally actually to assist hundreds of Rotary Clubs in many countries in obtaining speakers and organizing Institutes. Past President Allen D. Albert told in your May ROTARIAN of the enthusiastic and international public response to the Institute program—a tribute to the Rotary Foundation and to those who have built it.

As a footnote to that article, I should like to append this human document from a fellow Rotarian:

I have just come from the insurance office where I took out a \$1,000 life insurance policy payable to Rotary International. My theory in doing it was this: You know I've been working for Rotary a great many years and I realize I'm getting a bit older now. I can't put in the time nor give the hard work I did in years gone by. This is one of the great disappointments that is coming to me. I figured the annual dues of our Club are \$50 a year and I have taken out this \$1,000 insurance policy. I realize that Rotary can invest that \$1,000 at 5 percent. Consequently when I am gone, I have the feeling now that I'm going to continue to pay my \$50 a year into Rotary for the next 2,000 years—and this is really the theory of the endowment fund.

That man, someone has said, has made his Rotary membership immortal. Individual gifts like this

and contributions from Rotary Clubs and Districts have given the Rotary Foundation a good start. Its assets, real and potential, total about \$91,000. But that sum, fine as it is, is not nearly large enough to permit undertaking projects commensurate with Rotary's ability. Communities everywhere have come to expect much of Rotary, and the failure of any plan backed by the Foundation, because of lack of means, would be misunderstood by them and would be a grave disappointment to Rotarians themselves.

For five or six years Rotarians in many parts of the world have been talking about the organization of a campaign to increase the funds of the Foundation. Readers who attended the Nice Convention will remember that President Will R. Manier, Jr., touched on the subject in an address at that time, and that soon after a goal of 2 million dollars was fixed. Succeeding Presidents have given the plan much careful thought, yet for one reason or another it has seemed wise to postpone the actual launching of the campaign.

AT ITS MEETING last July, Rotary's Board of Directors agreed that the campaign should be actually initiated during the current Rotary year and requested me to proceed with the selection of a campaign Chairman.

To find the right man has been no easy task. I am happy, however, to announce that I have found the man in the person of Elbridge W. Palmer, familiarly known as "E. W." of Kingsport, Tennessee. Rotarian Palmer, a Director of Rotary International, is president of the Kingsport Press, the largest book printing house in the world. He is one of the editors of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and is a leader in his professional and trade associations. His list of responsibilities in Scouting, Crippled Children Work, and other programs for social improve-

ment is too long to include here. He is a Past President of his Club, a Past District Governor, and a Past Chairman of Rotary's Magazine Committee.

"E. W." meets all the specifications completely. He is an experienced and loyal Rotarian and knows the Rotary approach. He is an experienced and successful businessman of marked executive and organizing ability. Lastly, by the charm of his personality he should be able to enlist the loyalty of his campaign workers and also of the many people he will meet during the campaign. Two Committees, their personnel to be announced in an early issue of THE ROTARIAN, will support and counsel with Rotarian Palmer in this campaign: an Executive Committee of seven members and a Sponsoring Committee of about 40 members. These men, too, were chosen for special qualities of leadership and for thorough knowledge of Rotary.

At this point some readers may be asking, "What, specifically, can the Foundation do? What plans have you for it?"

Serious study has brought forth certain specific proposals, all of them aiming at the further exploration and intensification of Rotary. Club programs, one of Rotary's greatest potential strengths, need research and improvement. Surveys in types of programs, program needs, and practical suggestions for making continually worth-while luncheon meetings throughout the world should be made now. That is something the Foundation can do.

Our Rotary Foundation

Deeply conscious of the high honor and the equally high responsibility conferred by President Head in appointing me to the General Chairmanship of the Rotary Foundation Campaign, I have accepted this opportunity to serve Rotary with an abiding confidence in the inherent desire of Rotarians around the world to perpetuate the spiritual values of Rotary as a great world movement. If that individual desire is founded in sincerity, then the will to do the task will assure its accomplishment.

Rotary is not materialistic; on the contrary, from its very inception it has advocated the spiritual ideal of service to others as man's best effort to improve mankind. Today, more clearly than ever before, we face the realization that worldwide materialism has failed; we are forced

Then consider this: Every year Rotary adds 150 new District Governors to the sum total of its leadership. It trains them in the International Assembly and Convention. These men then spend a year in aggressive service. Then their year of office ends—and with it, too often, their opportunity for great service. How the experience and knowledge of these Past District Governors can be conserved is a real problem. A grant from the Foundation might provide for study that would solve it.

ANOTHER field of great potentiality is that of intercountry contacts among Rotarians. While war has in many cases interrupted the work Rotary Clubs were carrying on in this sphere, there will some day be a time when its resumption will be fairly demanded. There are vast possibilities here—but they need research. A related opportunity, for example, is the maintenance of scholarships for the international exchange of students. Hundreds, probably thousands, of Rotary Clubs aid students with loans or assistance of some kind. Naturally, that help usually enables the youthful benefactors to study locally or in near-by regions and only rarely can it send students to other lands.

Here, then, is an opportunity to help qualified students to do specialized study in countries other than their own. That will give them background for a sound understanding of world affairs—and at the same time will train broad-gauged leaders, of which the world has so great a need. Even in an

upset world such as ours of today, entire continents still remain open for this work. A plan of youth exchange, if not specifically of student exchange, has already been drafted by California and Kansas Rotarians that will operate between North and South America. Rotary International may well watch such developments.

Youth Service, too, is a field in which the Foundation might do much-needed work. While scores of agencies are accomplishing much in the assistance of our young people, there is great need for correlation of their efforts. The establishment of a research bureau and clearinghouse for information on organizations and activities relating to youth has been proposed as a task the Foundation might support. Such a bureau would strengthen the work of all agencies, avoid overlapping of effort, and prevent waste of funds.

In some 70 countries of the world there are men who count Rotary as one of the finest influences in their lives and as one of the strongest forces for human betterment in their communities. Such men are "sold" on Rotary. They want its ideal to persist and to grow stronger as the years pass. Such men see the Rotary Foundation as a soundly practical means to that end.

ELBRIDGE W. PALMER, Rotary Director—and the statement with which he accepted leadership of the Foundation Campaign.

to accept the truth of the statement, "democracy is a spirit, not a form of government . . . and solutions to material problems are not found within materialism."

Steadfast in our Rotary precept that unselfish human service is still the most potent power in achieving understanding, goodwill, and peace among men and nations, Rotary now dedicates itself to the task of perpetuating those spiritual values which we hold to be essential in the lives of men, that the ever-increasing influence of our ideals may not disappear.

We seek to perpetuate Rotary and Rotary's ideal, not ourselves, and in that endeavor I am confident we may safely count upon the unreserved support of every Rotarian.



Here's Howe



MISS Mame Roberts, Texas schoolteacher who got her dander up and spurred her neighbors to make Howe a beauty spot. . . Rakes, hoes, and flowers did the trick.

Photos: Dallas Morning News

By Lewis T. Nordyke

TWO YEARS AGO Howe was a weedy, down-at-the-heels village, drowsing in the Texas sun beside the highway to Dallas. Its one claim to fame was that in the long-gone past it had been Texas' major grain-marketing center.

But Howe no longer drowses. Motorists who used to zip through—wondering, perhaps, why people lived here—now stop, look, admire, and say all manner of pleasant things. For Howe is about the prettiest little town in Texas.

Gone is the detritus of sluggish village life. Every front and back yard, every vacant lot, is a garden of roses, zinnias, and other brilliant flowers. Little Howe now leads municipalities of the nation for parks per capita—six of them for 560 people, not to mention a well-equipped playground!

No dollar-studded wand waving from Washington, D. C., achieved this miracle. The transformation is undeniable, but there's really nothing miraculous about it. Any town, anywhere, can do likewise—if it has but one person of the breed of Miss Mame Roberts, a Howe schoolma'am.

Miss Roberts got her dander up because a Dallas radio program of "salutes" to Texas towns had failed to salute Howe or any vil-

lage its size. She vented her feelings in a verse defending "the towns that are too little to be known" and demanded recognition of them as a vital part of American life. Eddie Dunne, the program director, put it on the air. Lynn Landrum, of the *Dallas Morning News*, heard it—then suggested in his column that Howe ought to be able to look after its own welfare.

"What do you mean?" wrote peppery Miss Roberts. "Please be specific!"

Landrum was. Why not try to make Howe the prettiest little town in Texas?

Miss Roberts accepted the challenge. She talked to her school children and her neighbors. Finally she persuaded Landrum to visit Howe and talk, after a filling supper, to townfolk about flowers and parks and play places and civic pride.

The next day roses were

planted in Howe, and weeds fell before hoes wielded by Miss Roberts and a few disciples. Don't think all residents of Howe grabbed hoes and rakes. There were many objectors.

"What's the use?" asked a man after another bad business day.

"The town's gone to the dogs, anyway. I've no time to fool with flowers. I have to try to make a living. It's no use."

Logic seemed to be on his side. A few miles away was Sherman, rich agricultural and industrial city of 20,000, and Denison, a railroad and industrial center of 15,000. Anyway, didn't the highway through Howe extend a glistening pavement all the way to Dallas—just a pleasant shopping day's drive and return?

"What's that got to do with beautifying Howe?" demanded Miss Roberts. "Let's go to work!"

She picked the ugliest spot in town for the first garden. It was a vacant lot across the street from the business row. Rubbish from a still-born filling station was strewn about. Weeds and Johnson grass and tin cans reigned unchallenged—until Miss Roberts and her helpers went to work. The shrub-planting season had



passed, so they planted flowers, mostly zinnias.

Even before the first flower seed sprouted, the improvement of the ugly spot brought new recruits to the clean-up squad. Fences were relieved of sag and signs. Lawns and flower gardens were planted.

Editor Russell Bryant, of the weekly *Howe Messenger*, encouraged the program, and practiced what he preached. He lifted the face of his building—with a modernistic front. Then he cleared the rubbish from the next-door lot, put out a lawn, planted a flower garden, and constructed a fountain.

Other businessmen caught on and the clatter of hammers and the whine of saws were heard throughout the town. Almost every business building was improved.

MEANWHILE, zinnias were blossoming in the first garden. Many a passerby stopped to marvel at the gorgeous flowers growing on the one-time dump ground. Soon the women of the town were meeting at this flower garden in the cool of the day. They discussed flowers and new ideas for the beauty spot and other gardens, often exchanging new flower seeds. Before Howe realized it, this garden was the town's meeting place. Men passing to and from their daily work stopped and helped with hands and suggestions.

W. P. Thompson, Mayor of Howe for 20 years, loved flowers. He helped expand the program. Another city councilman became a booster. He and his wife gave



each of the town's five churches \$5 to start beautification funds. The churches matched the money and started to landscape their grounds.

Funds were scarce and few men were available to work on an odd-job basis. The city council of Howe looked into the possibility of obtaining Public Works and National Youth Administration projects, but Howe couldn't meet requirements for funds. So the townfolk rolled their sleeves a little higher and said, "Well, we'll just do it ourselves."

The city allowed men owing delinquent taxes and water bills to pay the debts by working in the flower gardens and parks. There were fund-raising and ice-cream parties. The first garden completed was dedicated at such an event, and the funds raised were used in the development of others. Groups of Howe-ians toiled on vacant lots, ugly corners, and the alleys. They cleared away the rubbish and planted flowers.

But not everybody in Howe had capitulated before Miss Roberts' enthusiasm. A family living in the back of a side-street building, for example, objected vigorously when a row of roses was set along the alley.

"You have no right to put flowers here," declared the objectors. "There isn't room for the

things. The children have no other place to play."

The planters told the family of the playground under way and the flowers were planted. Now the family helps care for them.

Enthusiasm for flowers swept the little town like—well, the measles. Even the humblest homes, made of materials reclaimed from the dump pile, were surrounded by flowers and lawn grass, and their walls and fences were covered by vines. Neighbors vied to outdo others with their yards and gardens, or pitched in to work together in developing parks. When the playground was completed, volunteers converted waste lumber into playground equipment.

Then Howe folk began to look around. An unused wedge between two highways had for years been a jungle of signboards and rank weeds. The Sesame Study Club converted the spot into a rose garden and park, and dedicated it as a memorial to the son of its donor. Another plot belonging to the county has been laid out as a picnic ground.

About this time, Howe's flowers began to attract attention. Businessmen of northern Texas, passing through, stopped to praise the program. Natives and former residents who once were none too proud of their home town began

to come back—and approvingly noted what had been done.

One man, who had no desire for publicity but a yearning to help the town's spunky citizenship, sent \$25. A city physician, whose family had lived at Howe, sent 75 rose plants. Several residents of Dallas, including former Howe citizens, aided in establishing the Howe Planning Board. The board, composed of the city council, clubs, churches, and the school,

decided upon a five-year program of planned beautification and improvement. The program is in its second year, and the town has already won distinction as one of the beauty spots of northeastern Texas.

And Howe is growing. Business is on the increase. The Howe gardeners hadn't thought of that. But last Summer hundreds of tourists stopped to look at the many parks and flower gardens. They spent money. On week-ends many drove out from Dallas and other cities to look at the work of a country town.

Then one day a representative of an oil company stopped in Howe. He decided his company needed a big station in the enterprising town that had shooed away the ghosts only a few short months ago. He purchased an old

building, a vacant reminder that Howe once had had one of the biggest banks in the county.

Members of the planning board were interested. They approved when the oil man told his plans to convert the building into a large, modern service station.

"Of course," he added, "the grounds will be landscaped in keeping with your beautification program. We will try our best to make it a beauty spot."

Not long afterward another man purchased two tumble-down vacant buildings, which had been eyesores in the improved business section. He also planned to erect a modern service station, and he, likewise, told the planning board the premises would be landscaped and beautified in every way possible.

The commercial possibilities of beautification hadn't entered the minds of the Howe folk while they were developing their parks and gardens and improving their homes and business places. All they had in mind was the making of a beautiful and pleasant place in which to live. But they have learned that it pays.

If Howe can "put over" such a project, what town can't? This village, too small even to support a service club, is proof that individual effort and self-reliance are not dead—just slumbering—waiting for a Miss Roberts—or a Rotary Club, perhaps—to come along and galvanize sentiment into action.

Miss Roberts, by the way, has retired as teacher to write a "Know Your Neighbors" column in the *Howe Messenger*. She has sent to all country towns in Texas a challenge to race with Howe for the title of "The Prettiest Little Town in Texas." She even told them how to do it.

"What can we do about our little towns?" she asked. "Every little town—your little town, my little town—has its part to play in State and national affairs. We are important. With united effort we can make the place in which we live clean, wholesome, attractive. We can make the crowded city dweller homesick to come back to us and to real living. We can bring new life, new business, new beauty, to the little towns."

Howe did it.



TOWN transformations: An eyesore back of a Howe editor's newsplant is now a fountain-centered park (left). . . . A small home basked invitingly in a varicolored flower garden (below). . . . A wide yard that became a grassy, flower-trimmed playground.



THINK Your Way

By William
Moulton Marston

RECENTLY, by rare good luck, I had a chance to watch a great surgeon in action. He was performing a difficult brain operation, and a slight slip of his hand would have meant paralysis or death for the patient. What impressed me about him was not the skill he displayed, but his amazing calmness, his single-minded attention to the job. I knew that only a few moments before the operation he was concerned, as he always is before a job starts, lest his hand for a fatal moment lose its cunning. But once he stood poised at the operating table, all semblance of nervousness was gone and he moved with a machinelike surety that dumfounded me.

Such feats of concentration are, of course, routine with every outstanding man in any walk of life—the transport pilot making a difficult landing, the radio announcer telling us the details of some disaster, the sports champion with the whole crisis of the contest depending on him. At any given moment, the leader, the man of excellence, concentrates his whole being on the *one* job that he has to do. Most of us lack this power of concentration and are distracted by nervousness, preoccupations, conflicting interests.

Not infrequently we read of men who, successful in their own field, can also paint a little, write a bit of verse, play tennis well, and bridge also, make an impromptu after-dinner speech—who are, in a word, enviably versatile. We envy them that versatility because we think it a special aptitude. Actually, these people have merely acquired facility in concentration. To each successive activity of the day they give not scattering inattention, but all their faculties, smoothly and intensely. By concentration they are able to do the things that most of us lament we "haven't time for."

Today, more than ever, concentration is essential to the full enjoyment of pleasures or to effective work. This is an age of distraction, with interruptions by phone, by friends, by noise, by scares, and by our own flightiness. Increasingly work must be done under conditions which are inhospitable to concentration, yet on concentration de-



Drawing by R. R. Epperly

LE PENSEUR—The Thinker—famous statue by Rodin, French sculptor and "master of moods."

pends, more and more, a man's success in this specialized world.

It is vital not only in work, but also in the enrichment of the inner life: a fascinating world for mental enjoyment can be turned into a meaningless jumble of diversions unless we have the power to single out and enjoy to the utmost one pursuit at a time. In short, there is not one of us who could not do a better job and have vastly more satisfaction if we would learn and abide by the truths psychology can teach us about concentration.

When the human mind is keenly concentrated, it becomes an amazingly proficient instrument. Lord Macaulay, the English historian, used to walk rapidly through crowded London streets reading a book. After perusing a page he could repeat it from memory. Seneca, the philosopher, would listen with rapt attention to a list of 2,000 disconnected words and then repeat the entire list without an error. Pascal, Wesley, and Robert Hall are said to have had the ability to concentrate with such com-

plete absorption that even the severest pain failed to disturb them or hamper their work. Archimedes, the Greek who originated geometry, was so absorbed in his intricate calculations at ancient Syracuse that he first became aware of the siege of the city when he received a death wound.

Performances like this seem, at first thought, supernormal. You are apt to shrug them off as the product of "genius" which you are quite certain you do not possess. But think for a minute—what is genius? You think of a "genius" as someone whose brain is mysteriously gifted with powers which ordinary people lack. But there aren't any humans like that. Most normal persons have the same fundamental equipment, mental and physical. The difference comes in the way they use it. William James, father of modern psychology, said that geniuses differ from ordinary people not in any innate quality of brain, but merely in regard to the subjects and purposes upon which they concentrate, and in the degree of con-

centration which they manage to achieve. That James was right our modern educational experiments tend to prove. You can take any normal individual, child or adult, teach him to concentrate 100 percent of his faculties upon a given task or problem, and be certain that he will produce astonishing results.

The capacity for concentration is in no sense the exclusive property of genius. Indeed it is common to all of us until we lose it or let it atrophy. Note the so-called heedlessness of children. Aldous Huxley says that every child is a genius until the age of 10. Was there ever greater absorption than a child can show when he is deep in a book or engrossed with some new object? We scold children for inattention. Actually they are giving concentration in its purest form to matters important to them, and we ought to avoid as far as possible destroying their blessed power of being genuinely and unabatedly interested in something.

CONCENTRATION is interest in action. It is not an unnatural state that goes contrary to our normal bent. All of us know persons who have kept concentration a natural part of their lives. The absent-minded college professor or the preoccupied scientist, after all, is only a man who has found the real kernel of interest in his work and he is not going to let daily routine and petty annoyance deprive him of it.

I have seen the late Professor Josiah Royce, famous Harvard philosopher, stand in the pouring rain in Harvard Yard without an umbrella or raincoat, discussing some obscure point of metaphysics with a slicker-clad student who kept trying in vain to escape. Royce didn't even know it was raining. Professor James Woods, adept in Hindu mysticism and Oriental religion, sometimes paused in the midst of an important lecture, closed his eyes, and for two or three minutes lapsed into seeming unconsciousness. Then his eyes would open again and he would finish his interrupted sentence as though no interval had elapsed. We laughed, of course, at our preceptors' idiosyncrasies. But we also realized what the world of scholarship acknowledged—that these men had attained supreme intellectual command of their fields. They attained it by virtue of that same intense concentration which made them temporarily oblivious to outside conditions which distract most people.

Unless you permit yourself to become absorbed like a child, or an absent-minded professor, there is very little chance of your doing that thing well enough to produce results which are outstanding.

Take any successful business or professional person whom you know per-

sonally, select any sports champion, local, national, amateur, or professional with whom you are acquainted, pick any man you know who can do something better than anybody else in his community, and try to distract his attention from the activity he excels at while he is doing it. You'll find you can't. The late George Grey Barnard, generally regarded as one of the greatest American sculptors—and regarded by French critics as the equal of Michelangelo—used to bewilder his friends by literally failing to see them when they dropped into his studio while he was at work. He simply did not know they were there, though they spoke to him and stood before his eyes. The jangle of a phone was seldom heard by the sculptor. If he heard the phone and answered it, he did it automatically and rarely remembered that he had had a conversation.

Ford Madox Ford tells how Joseph Conrad behaved while working on *Lord Jim*. One day Conrad found his room cold and, slipping on his bathrobe, stood in front of the open fire, his beard on his chest and his mind in the South Seas. When later he reached a stopping point in his thought and strode to his desk to begin writing, he discovered that the back of his dressing gown had been entirely scorched away.

Of course, the secret of this ability to rise above the distractions of life lies in having a real and absorbing interest. Interest in a task, when you attain it, creates attention as a tree bears fruit, and so you find yourself concentrating upon it without effort.

Even though you dislike a task, some way can often be found to acquire this essential interest in it. You can translate it into terms of the basic interests which you already possess. Men who naturally dislike selling often learn to enjoy their work by regarding it as a contest for kudos, a type of ambition game which naturally appeals to them. Many a lazy and excitement-craving girl has acquired interest in cooking, sewing, and housework, not directly, but indirectly, because it means to her husband, home, and children.

Now it happens that this matter of interest works both ways. Concentration follows interest, but interest can also follow concentration. Goethe, when asked how he accomplished his great work, replied with perfect serenity, "Why, I just blow on my hands." So he did. So can you. To develop the gift of concentration you must first of all learn to throw yourself into the job. You do not study the mechanical principles of balance in the morning when the alarm rings. You get up. No matter how distasteful a task, plunge into it, and soon it takes hold of you like a game. It is essential to recognize this truth. If you know that you are going

to be interested once you get started, you won't hesitate to start. Yet daily most of us welcome interruption, actually ask for it, because we do not realize that the unpleasant job ahead will really absorb us if we can first of all bring ourselves to make the leap into it.

Doubtless this is why William James pointed out in his famous discussion of habit that the important thing is to *go through the motions*. Start making notes or sketches, or even talking to yourself. Involve the whole person, including the body, in the job of giving attention. Attention is best held by a unified action of body and mind working together. Your body involvement may be slight or subtle—a matter of posture or muscular tension—but in the best efforts at concentration, it is there.

Even after we begin manfully to concentrate, there are difficulties that immediately throw themselves before us. One is the very multiplicity of thoughts, half-thoughts, sounds, impressions that crowd into our minds and assail our best efforts. But we can learn, if we are determined, to select ruthlessly from among many interests that present themselves insistently for attention. It is not sufficient merely to try to exclude these extraneous impressions from our minds. We must always replace them with the one thing that demands attention. You cannot push a thought out of your mind. You must always replace it with another. If you doubt this, try Walter Pitkin's little joke: spend the next 30 seconds not thinking about the word "hippopotamus." Yet many persons spend their efforts trying to exclude ideas rather than trying to fasten their minds upon the thing in hand.

SPECIALIZATION is only another word for concentration. I know of a man who tackled a new job as shipping clerk. As he confronted the task before him, he was absolutely baffled. He was frightened by the magnitude of the job. He just walked around the table, staring at one order after another, until he realized that he was wasting hours by contemplating the job as a whole. He could not think about anything he had to do for thinking about all he had to do. Then it occurred to him to seize upon *one task* and do that to the exclusion of everything else. The principle of concentration he learned has carried him in a few years to a position of second in command of his firm.

This process of selection must be applied at every step of concentration. As you tackle one thing, of course, you will be troubled in your mind by a dozen other things you ought to be doing instead—things that can't wait, you say. Or can they wait? Of course they can. They've got to wait. Worry walks and rides along [Continued on page 55]

Checking Up on the Rotary Wheel

By Laurence A. Raymer

HOW FARES Rotary? Is the cogged wheel wobbling under the impact of wars and rumors of wars? Has the snail-like pace of economic recovery slowed down the Rotary movement?

Such questions, these days, are frequent. Rotarians are asking them. So are non-Rotarians who have witnessed the phenomenal spread of Rotary Clubs around the planet.

There are various answers. They sum up, it is a pleasure to report on the eve of another Convention (Havana, Cuba, June 9-14), that Rotary fares well, the wheel is steady, the Rotary movement is generating new power.

That is not to say, however, that Rotary has solved all its problems. Grave ones exist, both new and old. But Rotary has been fortunate, both in leadership and in followership, and in that fact is basis for optimism on the movement's future.

To appraise the state of Rotary, A. D. 1940, one must take account of intangibles, of such things as inspiration and new social attitudes, and a willingness of men to put service above self in their personal and vocational life. No one has yet invented a way to measure these, so we are compelled to fall back on such indices of organizational good health as statistics of Club units and members.

Consider Rotary as a whole. In 1905 it was one Club with fewer than 50 members. But it was a prolific organism, and soon there were other Clubs—many of them. The growth by Clubs, as Rotacharts 1 and 3 show, has continued, until the total at this writing is 5,023 Clubs and 212,000 members.*

What will be the effect of "World War No. 2" on Rotary? So far, despite the loss of Clubs in invaded areas, the life line on Rotary's chart climbs. Perhaps the record of Rotary in 1914-18 offers a clue to what may be expected—looking on the cheerful side.

During that period (see Rotachart 1) Clubs increased from 186 in 1914-15 to 758 in 1919-20, and Rotarians from 19,000 to 56,000 (Rotachart 2). And the post-War period (1920-25) saw a spectacular jump in the number of Clubs—from 758 in 1920 to 2,096 in 1925 (see Rotachart 1).

The depression which followed ten years after the War, however, flattened a bit the curve of statistics on Rotarians, as shown in Rotachart 2. Though the number of Rotarians dropped from 157,000 in 1930-31 to 147,000 in 1932-33, the number of Clubs increased steadily from



SYMBOLIZED in this painting by Federico Ribas, the widely known Spanish artist, is the zeal of Rotarians to keep Rotary true to its ideal of service despite strain and stress.

3,349 in 1930 to 3,842 in 1935 (see Rotachart 1).

Yet recovery of Rotarians was rapid after 1933, and the loss has been made up several times.

So much for the wide-angle focus on the subject. Now pass to a few candid-camera statistics, region by region and country by country, in order of their starting Rotary Clubs. First of these regions, of course, is:

USCNB: Rotary Clubs in the United States (and Alaska and Hawaii), Canada, Newfoundland, and Bermuda comprise a region known as USCNB, which had a total of 3,391 Clubs in March, 1940.

Familiar is the story of Rotary's Chicago birth in February, 1905, its extension first to the West Coast and then to the Eastern seaboard, and then into Canada. Founding of Clubs in the Old World followed, and the movement spread to the far corners of the globe.

But, someone may ask, where has the growth been? Has it been in the USCNB region, Latin America, or the rest of the world? Have the losses in the number of Clubs in European countries been made up by unusual gains in USCNB, or has expansion elsewhere taken up the slack?

Extension during the greatest part of Rotary's history has been most pronounced in the United States and the USCNB region—for obvious reasons. But in recent years—during 1937, 1938, 1939, and 1940, when Clubs were lost in Germany, Italy, Spain, and Czechoslovakia (see Rotachart 4)—extension was rapid and heavy in Latin America

and USCNB, particularly in the United States and Canada. This growth "cancelled" the loss of European Clubs (see Rotachart 1).

So much for a discussion of losses here. These are taken up later in this article, country by country.

Before leaving USCNB, however, it should be mentioned that Rotary first entered Canada at Winnipeg in 1910, and that by 1915 there were 14 Rotary Clubs in the Dominion. The year 1920 saw 47 Clubs; at this writing there are 157.

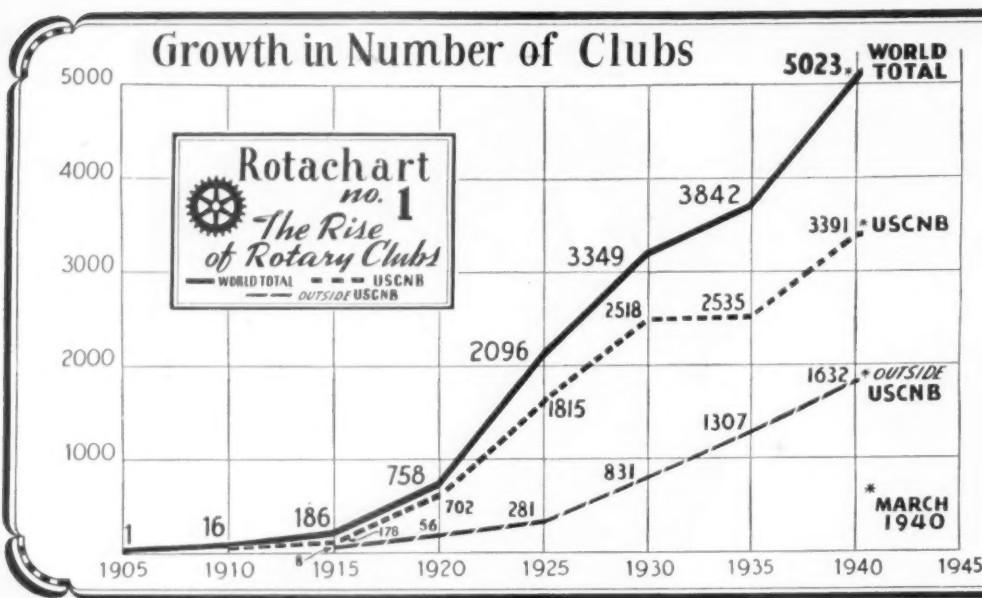
Rounding up the remainder of the USCNB region: Newfoundland's one Rotary Club was organized at St. John's in 1921, while Alaskan Clubs were formed at Ketchikan (1925) and Juneau (1935). Bermuda's one Club is located at Hamilton (1924), while Hawaii has six Clubs, the first formed in 1915.

Great Britain and Ireland: First Rotary Clubs in Europe were organized in 1911 at Dublin, Ireland (March), and Belfast, Ireland, and London, England (August). And the trend of the movement in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales has been steadily upward.

The geographical region inclusive of these States is known as G.B.I., while the administration of Rotary in this region is known as R.I.B.I. (Rotary International in Great Britain and Ireland).

And despite the emergencies of war, Clubs today are meeting "as usual"—carrying on under difficulties which are met with cheerfulness. Many pages would be needed to describe the activities of R.I.B.I. Rotarians, who are

*Club figures as of March 15, 1940; number of Rotarians, estimated.



assisting refugees, making life easier for the soldiers, keeping close contacts with mobilized members, and aiding their families and businesses back home.

The *Rotary Wheel*, official publication of Clubs in R.I.B.I., reports that on January 1, 1940, there were 484 Clubs—a gain of 16 over a year ago—and 21,542 Rotarians, another gain of 301 members. Old-timers in Rotary are finding new meaning in their membership. One describes his as "a perfect antidote for the jitters"; another says his is "a tonic and an inspiration . . . a very helpful contribution to one's mental and spiritual armament in these difficult days."

Cuba: The advent of Rotary's entrance into Cuba in 1916, when a Club was organized at Havana, proved that the principles of Rotary were broad enough to transcend not only national boundaries, but language limitations.

And now Rotarians of Havana and all Cuba are prepared to entertain upward of 10,000 persons at the June Convention in "The Pearl of the Antilles." There are now 40 Rotary Clubs on this island which sparkles in the Caribbean.

Uruguay: Another continent became identified with Rotary in 1918, when a Club was organized at Montevideo, Uruguay. Rotary caught hold quickly, and now there are 21 Clubs—a gain of five over last year—in this South American country.

Puerto Rico: Rotary came to Puerto Rico in 1918, too, and today there are eight Clubs: at Arecibo, Caguas, Guayama, Humacao, Mayaguez, Ponce, San Juan, and Yauco.

The Philippines: The close of the "first World War," as already suggested, saw far-reaching extension of Rotary. In 1919 the movement sailed across the Pacific to the Orient, where a Club was organized at Manila, The Philippines. Today there are eight Philippine Clubs.

China: Seven months after Rotary came to The Philippines it crossed the China Sea into China. First came the Shanghai Club, and then others. What

has happened to a number of the 25 Clubs in this war-torn country is not known, but several Club bulletins arriving at the Chicago Office of the Secretariat indicate that Rotarians here, too, are "carrying on."

Of special interest are the "outport" Rotary Clubs, which serve as meeting places for "refugee Rotarians," who have had to flee their home cities. The first such Club was at Shanghai, and it is called "The Outport Rotarians Tiffin Club." Later a similar "informal Club" was established at Hong Kong, and it is called "The Vagabond Rotarians Tiffin Club."

Panama: Panama became a part of Rotary's ever-increasing family circle in 1919 with the formation of a Club at Panama City. Now there are three Clubs: Cristóbal-Colón, David, and Panama City.

India: Rotary filtered into India during 1919, too, with the organization of a Club at Calcutta, the first of 27 Clubs now active there. The Middle Asia Office of Rotary International is located at Bombay, India.

Argentina: Rounding out the countries to which Rotary came in 1919 is Argentina, where a Club was organized at Buenos Aires. The country now has 85 Clubs—a growth of 15 over last year.

Japan: A year after the entrance of India into Rotary, another Oriental country joined the movement's mounting ranks when a Club was formed at Tokyo, Japan. There are now 42 Clubs in the Nipponese Empire.

Spain: Rotary's principles of service and international friendship took root in Spain's capital city, Madrid, in 1920, and over the years there were 29 Clubs admitted from this country. But not since early in the Spanish civil war has any word been received about Rotary there.

In view of these circumstances, the Board of Directors of Rotary International recognized the termination in Rotary of Clubs in District 60 (Spain and Spanish Morocco) as of January 19, 1940.

LIFE LINES of Rotary—showing the growth in the organization's status from 1905 to the present. Note in the Rotachart at the left that Rotary Clubs increased more rapidly in the World War years (1914-18) than in the period before. The depression years (1930-35) make an interesting study. In USCNB (the United States, Alaska, Hawaii, Canada, Newfoundland, and Bermuda) the net gain during those years was only 17 Clubs, but the growth in other parts of the world continued in a steady upswing, reducing the angle of the solid line which charts the record of all Rotary. The outside-USCNB gain for the 1930-35 period was 476 Clubs, as noted in the diagram. Vigorous extension work in both USCNB and the rest of the world in the last five years has resulted in a total gain of 1,181 units. Of this number, 856 new Clubs were in USCNB, while 325 were in other countries of Rotary's world family.

France: France was one of eight additional countries which received Rotary in 1921. The 1,000th Rotary Club had been organized—in York, England—when a group of Paris businessmen formed a Club. Since then, 89 Clubs have been organized, and despite the war and mobilizations they are meeting regularly and shouldering heavy responsibilities. And to meet isn't always easy.

Twenty-nine members of the Paris Club have been mobilized, says a recent communication, and among them is Maurice Duperrey, President of Rotary International in 1937-38. Rotarian Raoul Dautry, of the same Club, is Minister of Armament, and Governors Louis Renard and Charles Jourdan-Gassin, of Districts 47 and 48, respectively, have been called to the colors.

The Rotary Club of Strasbourg is probably the only one in France which has had to abandon its meetings because of the war. This was necessary because of the evacuation of the city, which is on the banks of the Rhine between the Maginot and Siegfried Lines.

Union of South Africa: Rotary was first organized in the Union of South Africa at Johannesburg in 1921. Now there are 13 Clubs.

Australia: In March, 1921, Rotarians James W. Davidson and J. Layton Ralston, of Canada, went to Australia as honorary commissioners of Rotary International. Their mission resulted in the organization of a Rotary Club at Melbourne in April. There are now 84 Clubs in Australia, a gain of nine over a year ago.

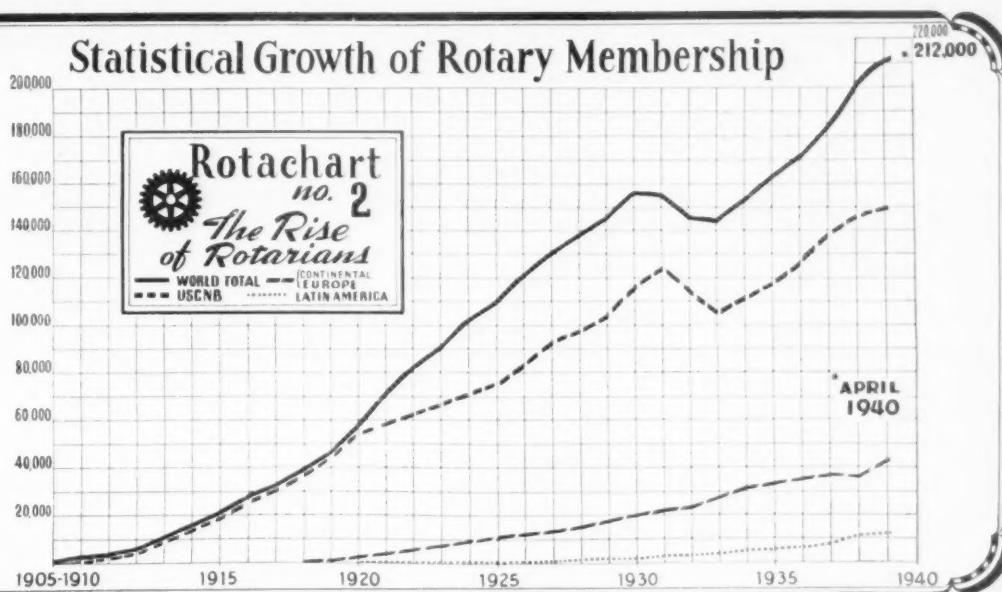
New Zealand: Wellington and Auckland, New Zealand, did a "sister act" by organizing Rotary Clubs in the same year—1921. Now there are 25 Clubs.

Mexico: Mexico City, Mexico, also formed a Rotary Club in 1921. There were 49 Clubs reported in this country last year, while there are 51 this Spring, a gain of two Clubs.

Peru: Rotary made its debut in Peru in 1921, when a Club was organized at Lima. This country now has 37 Clubs.

THE ROTACHART at the right tells more of Rotary's life story. The top line reveals the number of Rotarians in the world at a given time, the lines below offering an informative "breakdown." Statistics on Rotarians in Continental Europe and Latin America, as well as USCNB, are shown; "the rest of the world" (Australia, New Zealand, Asia, Africa, etc.) is included in the summarizing overall black line. It is of interest that the figures for USCNB dip sharply starting with 1931, due to the depression, and that the loss was not recouped until 1936. Again, as in the case of number of Clubs shown on the opposite page, there was no corresponding loss elsewhere in the world. European losses in membership resulting from wars are noted, but these have been offset by a spurt of extension in Latin America, USCNB, and the rest of the world. All Rotary's life lines are on the up-swing as the 1939-40 fiscal year closes.

Statistical Growth of Rotary Membership



Denmark: On April 9, 1940, war boiling in the waters about Denmark lashed the country's shores, and German troops marched into Copenhagen, the capital city. The Rotary Club recently organized at Middelfart, Denmark, was admitted to Rotary International on April 6, and a few days later German troops occupied this Danish town.

What the future holds for Denmark's 41 Clubs is a question at this writing. Rotary became a part of Danish social and vocational life at Copenhagen in 1921.

Brazil: With the organization of a Rotary Club at Rio de Janeiro in 1922, Rotary came to Brazil. It was for Rio that Rotarians planned their 1940 Convention, but unsettled world conditions forced a postponement until 1942. There are now 67 Clubs in Brazil, a gain of eight over last year.

Norway: A question mark hangs over Rotary in Norway, which also was occupied by German troops at the time of the invasion of Denmark. The capital city of Oslo was bombed, and has been a battleground for British, Norwegian, and German forces. What the future holds for Norway's 19 Rotary Clubs no one at this writing knows. Events move too swiftly, and this record may be "old" by the time it reaches readers. The first Rotary Club was organized in Norway in 1922.

The Netherlands: Two new Rotary Clubs were founded in The Netherlands during this last year, despite a nearness to theaters of war, bringing the total there to 34. Founding of the first Club in The Netherlands rounded out extension in Europe and South America in 1922.

Belgium: During 1923 (the year which saw the 1,500th Rotary Club organized—at Bexhill, England), Rotary came to Belgium with the founding of a Club at Ostend. Now there are 18 Clubs.

Italy: The first Rotary Club in Italy, at Milan, was formed in 1923, bringing Rotary to the land of the Caesars. But in Italy, as in several European nations,

Rotary is nonexistent. Italy's 34 Clubs with their 1,633 members ceased to exist in December, 1938, in conformity with a resolution adopted at Rome by the District 46 Rotary Council.

Chile: Valparaiso, Chile, formed a Rotary Club in 1923, and since then 84 additional Clubs have been organized.

Switzerland: Rotary came to Switzerland in 1924 with the founding of a Club at Zurich, and where, despite ominous war clouds, there are now 25 Clubs—a gain of one over last year.

Mobilization of armed forces to defend borders and preserve neutrality has had an effect on Rotary's Continental Office at Zurich, as well as on Clubs in the nation. Two members of the office staff have been called to the colors.

Bulletins arriving regularly from Swiss Clubs indicate that all the country's 25 Clubs are meeting with regularity. Yet, "25 to 50 percent of the Rotarians in our Clubs have been mobilized," reports District Governor T. M. Bruggisser in a recent *Monthly Letter*.

Swiss Rotary Clubs have assisted repatriated citizens, and are engaged in numerous activities to aid refugees, soldiers, and others facing war's havoc.

Czecho-Slovakia: Rotary came to Czecho-Slovakia in 1925 (the year the 2,000th Club was organized—at Ketchikan, Alaska), but it is now nonexistent in that country. Following the Munich agreement in September, 1938, and the incorporation of the Czech Sudetenland into the German Reich, Rotary Clubs in this region terminated membership in Rotary International. There were at one time 47 Clubs (1938-39) in Czecho-Slovakia.

Guatemala: One Club—Guatemala City; organized in 1925.

Austria: The 11 Rotary Clubs in Austria disbanded, effective March 18, 1938, following incorporation of Austria in the German Reich.

Hungary: First Rotary Club in Hungary was organized at Budapest in 1925. There are now 14 Clubs.

Portugal: Five Rotary Clubs, the first organized in 1925 at Lisbon, the capital.

Sweden: Sweden's 41st Rotary Club was organized at Lidköping in November, 1939. The first was organized at Stockholm in 1926.

Today while Swedish Rotarians are engaged in a program of service to Rotarians of distressed countries, the maneuvers of Mars' grim game close in about them. At this writing Sweden has preserved its neutrality, but Norway is occupied on the one side and Finland struggles for recovery on the other.

Finland: Silent now are the guns in Finland, but cities lie in a state of partial or complete ruin. Rotarians the world over continue to send money, clothing, and medical supplies to alleviate suffering. Governor Marcus Tollet has been in the United States for several months working with Former President Herbert Hoover in behalf of Finnish relief.

And now that peace—at a price—has come to Finland, Rotary is in a state of flux, but it is expected that seven of the eight Clubs will pick up and carry on.

The city of Viborg, in which a Rotary Club flourished since 1931, has been ceded to Russia, and thus is now in territory which has never been approved for extension by the Board of Directors of Rotary International. Hence, the indication is that with the cession of Viborg, the Club which functioned in this city has gone out of existence.

Finland's first Club was organized at Helsinki-Helsingfors in 1926.

Colombia: Colombia's first Rotary Club was organized at Bogotá, in 1926, and 17 Clubs have since been added.

Costa Rica: One Club—organized in 1927 at San José.

El Salvador: Two Clubs—San Salvador (1927) and Santa Ana (1928).

Ecuador: Ecuador's identity with Rotary goes back to 1927, when a Club was organized at Guayaquil. Now there are 11 Clubs.

Bolivia: The La Paz Club also was organized in 1927. There are now 11 Clubs in the nation.

Netherlands Indies: Rotary's rise in

the Netherlands Indies began in 1927 with the formation of a Club at Djokjakarta, Java. Now there are 25 Clubs.

Germany: Three years ago the National Socialist (Nazi) party in Germany issued a decree to the effect that all members of the party who were also Rotarians must resign by December 31, 1937.

Technically, those Rotarians in Germany not members of the party were not affected.

However, because of the decree and other published statements by party leaders, who expressed disapproval of

Federated Malay States: Five Clubs—Ipoh, Klang & Coast, Kuala Lumpur, Seremban, and Taiping.

Morocco—French Zone: Two Clubs—Casablanca (1930) and Rabat (1933).

Algeria: Four Clubs—Algiers, Bône, Djidjelli, and Oran.

Southern Rhodesia: Two Clubs—Salisbury (1930) and Bulawayo (1931).

Kenya: One Club—Nairobi (1930).

Straits Settlements: Three Clubs—Singapore (1930), Malacca (1930), and Penang (1930).

Estonia: Three Clubs—Tallinn (1930), Tartu (1932), and Nomme (1937).

Many Polish refugees, like Rotarian Jachimowicz, fled to other countries, where Rotarians aided them. Rotarians the world over have shared their resources with unfortunate Poles, and many Continental Rotarians have thrown open their homes to them.

Lebanon: One Club—Beirut (1931).

Latvia: Two Clubs—Riga (1932) and Liepaja (1939).

Morocco—International Zone: One Club—Tanger (1932).

Bulgaria: The first Rotary Club in Bulgaria was organized at Sofia in 1933, while the eighth was formed at Plovdiv in May, 1939.

Iceland: Rotary moved northward to Iceland in 1934, when a Club was organized at Reykjavik, the capital city. Other Icelandic Clubs are located at Isafjördur and Siglufjördur.

Lithuania: Two Clubs—Kaunas (1934) and Siauliai (1937).

Tunisia: One Club—Tunis (1935).

Fiji Islands: One Club—Suva (1936).

Sarawak: One Club—Kuching (1936).

Netherlands West Indies: Two Clubs: Curaçao (1937) and Aruba (1938).

Monaco: One Club—Monaco (1937).

Syria: One Club—Damascus (1937).

Venezuela: There are five Rotary Clubs in Venezuela, located at Caracas, Barquisimeto, Maracaibo, Maracay, and Valencia.

Hatay: One Club—Alexandretta (1938).

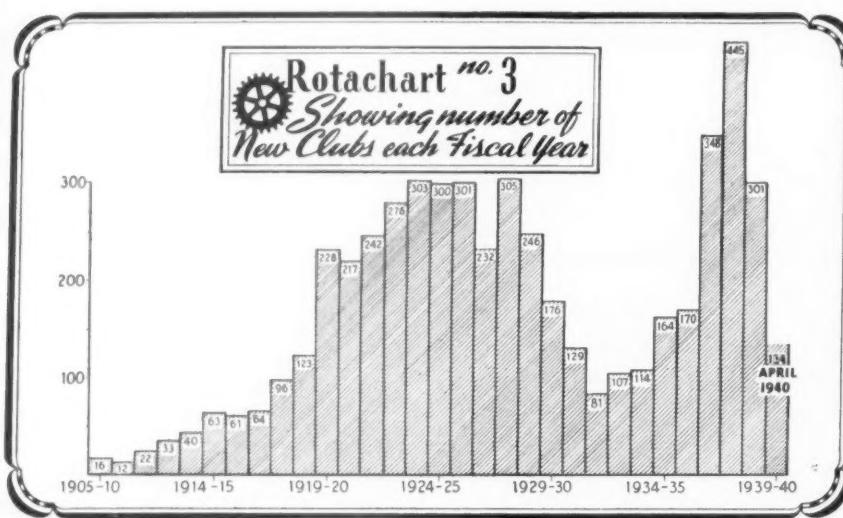
Anglo-Egyptian Sudan: One Club—Khartoum (1938).

Cyprus: One Club—Nicosia (1938).

Senegal: (French West Africa): One Club—Dakar (1939).

Guam: A Rotary Club was organized at Guam, Guam, in July, 1939. Located some 1,500 miles out in the Pacific from The Philippines, Guam is said to be the most isolated Rotary Club in the world.

Thus, as this survey was being written, the Rotary scene was changing. New Clubs were being added weekly, and the swift-moving events of war were antiquating parts of this record. But this fact remains: Rotary's wheel runs true, and Rotary's health is good!



Rotary, the 42 German Rotary Clubs elected to resign from Rotary International and disband. At this time the Rotary Club of the Free City of Danzig also went out of existence.

Rotary was organized in Germany at Hamburg in 1927.

Paraguay: Three Clubs—Asuncion (1927), Villarrica (1929), and Concepción (1939).

Manchuria: Four Clubs—Dairen (1928), Mukden (1929), Harbin (1930), and Hsinking (1934).

Greece: Four Clubs—Athens (1928), Thessalonike (1934), Patras (1935), and Volos (1939).

Egypt: Seven Clubs—Alexandria (1929), Assiut, Cairo, Mansourah, Port Said, and Zagazig.

Palestine: Three Clubs—Jerusalem (1929), Haifa (1932), and Jaffa—Tel-Aviv (1934).

Yugoslavia: Rotary entered Yugoslavia in 1929, at Beograd. Now there are 34 Clubs.

Nicaragua: Two Clubs—Managua (1929) and Granada (1935).

Romania: Nine Clubs continue their activities in Roumania. The first two were organized, at Bucharest and Timisoara, in 1929.

Honduras: Three Clubs—Tegucigalpa (1929), San Pedro Sula (1937), and Puerto Cortes (December, 1939).

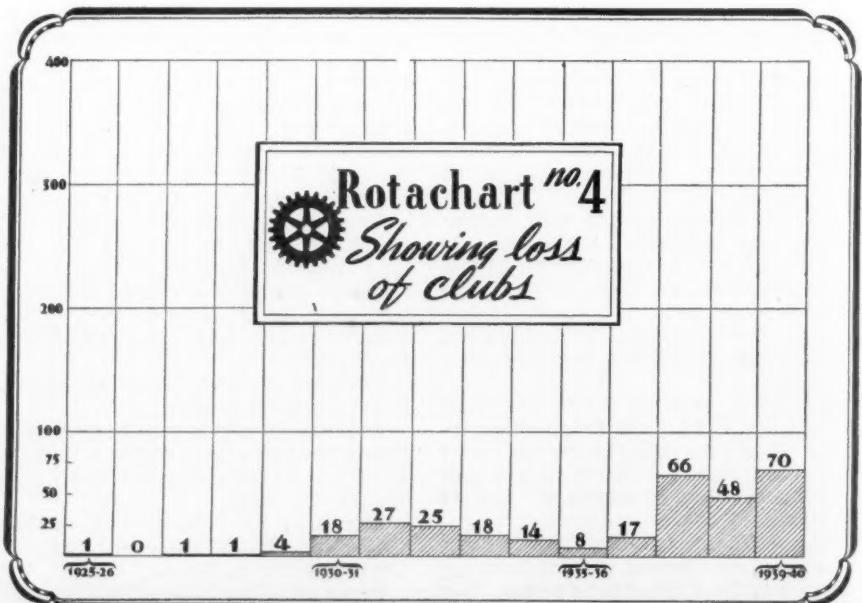
Ceylon: Two Clubs—Colombo (1929) and Negombo (1937).

Luxembourg: One Club—Luxembourg (1929).

Burma: Four Clubs—Thayetmyo (1929), Mandalay, Rangoon, and Hengzada.

Thailand (Siam): One Club—Bangkok (1930).

Poland: While guns have been silenced in Poland as well as in Finland, deprivation is commonplace and Rotary is a memory. Once there were ten active Clubs, and a Polish Rotarian, Jerzy Loth, served this year on Rotary's Board of Directors. The story of Warsaw's bombardment and the fate of Rotarians in Poland was graphically outlined in the May issue of THE ROTARIAN by Jean de Jachimowicz in his article entitled *My Escape from Poland*.



Billy Phelps Speaking

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS AND THINGS BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

A

NEW historical work of importance and interest is by the American scholar and man of letters James Truslow Adams.* Although an entirely independent work which can be read without its predecessor, it follows hard upon his volume *Building the British Empire*, published in 1938. This new one is called *Empire of the Seven Seas*, dealing with the British Empire from 1783 (end of the War of the American Revolution) to 1939, the beginning of the second World War. It is best to let the author himself describe its scope:

"The volume now presented opens with the defeat of the Empire against a European world in arms, and the loss of the colonies which have since grown into the United States of America. The loss seemed overwhelming, but from apparent ruin the British built up a still greater empire, the greatest the world has ever seen.

"After the losses, the frivolities, and scandals of the earlier Hanoverian rulers, there suddenly and unexpectedly rose the sun of the Victorian Era, the greatest in English history next to the Elizabethan. A succession of statesmen, such as Lord Palmerston, Lord Grey, Russell, Disraeli, Gladstone, Salisbury, and others, not only brought Britain to her highest pinnacle of power and prestige, but nursed the old liberties into the forms of modern democracy. Crisis after crisis, national and international, arose and were met in the age-old mud-slinging way but conquered in the end."

I am not indulging in any propaganda or anything similar to it when I remind my readers that Great Britain, ever since she became a first-class world power under Queen Elizabeth, has repeatedly saved the European world from the domination of one man. In the 16th Century it was King Philip of Spain, who endeavored not only to crush Continental powers, but also to make England a tail to the Spanish kite. In the 17th Century it was King Louis XIV of France, who bestrode the Continent like a colossus; King William III and Marlborough made him harmless. In the 18th and early 19th Centuries it was the great Napoleon; the English with Nelson got rid of him. In the 20th Century Kaiser Wilhelm had world ambitions; he lost his throne. And now

the British, united with France, are democracies fighting dictatorship. One may say, if one wishes, that in all these wars the British were primarily looking out for their own interests—that is, for the safety, preservation, and continued power of their empire. But it happens that they were always fighting against absolutism of some kind, and for the rights of the individual.

This new volume by this distinguished historian should be read by Americans because history is exciting. Two writers have said something in general about the value of reading history. Bacon said, "Histories make men wise." Santayana said, "Those who are ignorant of the past are bound to repeat it."

* * *

Speaking of history, let me recommend a new book by Lloyd and Marie Reese, called *The Parade of the Presidents*. It begins with George Washington and ends with Herbert Hoover. Mr. and Mrs. Reese, both university graduates, have written many historical plays, have been prominent in educational affairs, holding high offices. In this interesting and original little book they have presented every one of the Presidents in what they call "dramatologs." That is, every President is set forth in dramatic conversation, bringing out impartially but vividly his personality and character, and exciting incidents during his administration. It is a lively way of learning American history and biography.

* * *

Several thrillers have recently entered my front door, of which the following have received a particularly hearty welcome. *Blue Mask Strikes Again*, by Anthony Morton, is so terrifically exciting that I neglected everything else till I finished it. I now utter the following wish: I wish Mr. Morton would write a book about the Blue Mask every month; I have read all the volumes in which the B.M. appears; every one is continuously thrilling, and none better than this latest volume. I read thrillers for diversion, for fun, for sheer amusement; thus I never consider them as enigmas or puzzles to be solved. I refuse to use what I call my mind. I want to be seized firmly by the first page and then held fast while one ex-

citement succeeds another. In the Blue Mask books the author makes a home run off the first ball pitched, and then—if that is what you want, this is it.

Zelda Popkin (can that possibly be her name?) has written a fine crime story in *Time Off for Murder*. It is ripping. Here is a curious thing: We often say that the test of a great book is whether you can read it twice or three times and enjoy it; that is true. Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, Dickens' novels, Shakespeare's plays, always gain by repetition; I could read them with delight every year. But for exactly opposite reasons, books that are not in the least great can also be reread with pleasure. I say for exactly opposite reasons. We reread Boswell, Dickens, Shakespeare, because they are so full of thought or beauty or both that we can never exhaust them; but we can also reread murder stories—which as literature are usually worthless—because we forget them. Murder thrillers are almost the only books I do forget, and the reason is that they contain no cerebration, and have no ideas. It is as easy to forget them as it is the particular piece of lemon pie you ate last month. Hence it is not always necessary to get a new thriller. Take an old one. I can read the Bulldog Drummond stories ten times.

Yet among the murder tales there are exceptional ones that have literary value. I have often reminded Rotarians of the high-brow murders by Michael Innes and Dorothy Sayers. Well, J. Jefferson Farjeon writes exciting murderers with such charm of style and such excellence of characterization that they are worth reading for these qualities, though they are also exciting. His lat-



"WRITTEN by a master"—Hervey Allen—is the recent book entitled *It Was Like This*.

est one reminds me in its wit, humor, and charm of one of the very earliest of the novels of H. G. Wells, *The Wheels of Chance*, because both have shy, modest heroes on bicycles, and both meet romance in the alluring form of—well, read it for yourself. Mr. Farjeon's new book is called *Friday the 13th*.

Incidentally, while superstitions have for me both a historical and a romantic interest, I am myself absolutely and wholly without even a grain of superstition. Of course I am not selfish or stupid enough to flaunt this characteristic in the presence of those who are superstitious; I mean I would not spill salt, or light three cigarettes off one match if there were a person present who was disturbed. But I myself have not a single superstition. I am willing at any time to sit at a table when there are 13; I will walk under ladders if that is the shortest way, or break mirrors if someone else will pay for them, etc. I am entirely willing to say, "I have not had an automobile accident this year," and *not* touch wood after saying it. And I say this without bravado, but merely because it is a fact. I see no reason for boasting; I am not a very brave man. I simply have no superstitions, and I think in this respect I am unusual. If any of my readers can think of any superstition he suspects I may have, come on!

* * *

Of all living actresses there is none more popular than Helen Hayes. In her case the play emphatically is "not the thing." She has appeared in splendid dramas—*Dear Brutus*, for example; but even in trivial pieces, *if she is there*, so there are thousands. It is the very genius of personality, a compelling irresistible charm. Her biography in the form of letters has just appeared. Most unfortunately it is called *Letters to Mary*, hence it has attracted comparatively little attention. It is composed entirely of letters from her mother to her child. The second *her* means Helen's. And it is a fairly complete history of Helen's life from babyhood to the present moment. These very interesting letters are in themselves, I believe, a contribution to the history of the modern theater.

* * *

I recommend to all and sundry (why drag in sundry?) a tiny book by the famous novelist W. Somerset Maugham called *Books and You*. Here a professional novelist and dramatist gives a list with reasons for naming what he thinks are the best books in English and in American literature. I am pleased to see he places Dickens at the head of all English novelists, that he gives *The American* as Henry James's best, etc.

* * *

The author of *Anthony Adverse* (I refer to Hervey Allen) has written a

small book consisting of stories of war; they have the merit of being true and being written by a master. The title of the book is *It Was Like This*. What would happen to anyone today who wrote a novel or a play treating war sentimentally? And in the contemporary realistic or ironical treatment of war, is there any additional hope for ultimate world peace? I think there is.

* * *

And here I recommend a new book by A. P. Herbert, member of Parliament, wit, humorist, upholder of common-sense and good usage of the English language. This book is called *General Cargo*, and a description of its contents should make men and women run, not walk, to the nearest book shop. It is absolutely original, full of unexpected delights in both verse and prose. Most of the contents have appeared previously in *Punch*, which guarantees their excellence. Here we go: *Spring, The Monkey and the Bishop, The Indiarubber Sandwich, The Budget: Elegy in a Country Pub, Don't Say 'Hello,' Zigzaggy, Fifty Ifs, Eire, Look at Me Now!* And can you resist a poem that begins: *What fun to be a flying fish,
To leave the water when you wish,
And pass abruptly from the air
When you are tired of being there;* etc.

* * *

In spite of the vogue of roughnecks in literature, there never was a time when Anthony Trollope was so popular as he is now, and I do not know when I have been so pleased by the reprint of an old book than I have by the appearance of *The American Senator*, a full-length novel by Anthony Trollope. One of the reasons why I particularly like this, apart from its being written by Trollope, is that I read it 50 years ago with great interest and have never since seen any mention of it anywhere. It is certainly one of the less known of that author's works. Yet *The American Senator* has particular interest for people

in the United States. Trollope did his best to make the book accurate in every one of its American allusions, but he made one very natural mistake that signifies an enormous difference between the House of Commons of England and the United States Senate. Whenever in this book he describes any Senator, he says "Senator for Minnesota," whereas in America no such statement is ever heard; it is invariably "Senator from Minnesota."

Now the difference between "for" and "from" is a difference so enormous that what appears to be only a tiny slip is as wide as the ocean that separates the two countries. In England it makes no difference if a prominent member of Parliament is defeated. Four or five other places will ask him if he will represent *them*. In other words, the constituencies are open; a man does not have to live in the district he represents. Thus Gladstone served 60 consecutive years, although defeated a number of times. In the United States a man must live in his district, and this has had, in my opinion, more to do with lowering the level of the House and the Senate than any other one thing.

I should myself never advise any young man to enter politics unless he had an independent fortune, for even if he succeeded in being elected and served for 18 years, he would at any moment be at the mercy of an upset of a few figures either in the primaries or in the November vote, and he would then be out of employment and with very little possibility of finding any.

Apart from this difference, which, of course, Trollope did not emphasize, it is an extremely interesting novel. I am glad to see it has a new introduction, for it is written by that ardent and consistent Trollopian, A. Edward Newton.

* * *

The best picture I have seen in 1940 is *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, which is distinctly better than the play by the same author and the same actor, perhaps because the scenery is so much better. That is the only completely satisfying picture I have seen in this leap year, for I found *Gone with the Wind* dull, even though my love for the book is in no way undiminished. Fifteen minutes of *The Grapes of Wrath* was enough for me.

* * *

Books mentioned, publishers and prices:
Empire of the Seven Seas. James Truslow Adams. Scribner's. \$3.50.—*The Parade of the Presidents*. Lloyd and Marie Reese. College Book Co., Columbus, Ohio. 80 cents.—*Blue Mask Strikes Again*. Anthony Morton. Lippincott. \$2.—*Time Off for Murder*. Zelma Popkin. Lippincott. \$2.—*Friday the 13th*. J. Jefferson Farjeon. Bobbs, Merrill. \$2.—*Letters to Mary*. Catherine Hayes Brown. Random House. \$3.—*Books and You*. W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran. \$1.25.—*It Was Like This*. Hervey Allen. Farrar & Rinehart. \$1.50.—*General Cargo*. A. P. Herbert. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.—*The American Senator*. Anthony Trollope. Random House. \$2.50.



Photo: Acme

A.P. HERBERT, whose *General Cargo* holds "unexpected delights in both verse and prose."

PEEPS at things to come

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Scientific discoveries and their applications of special interest to the business and professional man. Address inquiries to: D. H. Killeffer, Peeps Department, ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois.

Measuring Age of Ink. By detecting and making visible the impurities in writing inks by chemical treatment, it is possible to learn much about the age of a manuscript by the spread of the ink in the paper. This is done by immersing the paper containing the writing in a solution containing lead and silver salts and subsequently coloring the insoluble compounds of these metals by immersion in bichromate solution. The differences of color produced form a basis for estimating the age of the writing and determining the character of the ink used. Evidence of this kind has been important in legal cases involving disputed manuscripts.

Preserving Sandbags. In war-torn Europe the life of bags containing sand to protect structures against bombs is important. One of the preservatives used contains creosote, 65 parts; water, 35 parts, oleic acid, 1.2 parts; casein, .8 parts; and caustic soda, .36 parts. This mixture is diluted with water and sprayed on the bags. Another is copper oleate dissolved in creosote and emulsified with water. These are smelly mixtures, but can be used out of doors successfully to preserve fabrics in like situations.

"Dirty" Lenses Better. As anyone knows who wears glasses, a thin film of dirt blurs vision. Now we find that that is not so. If the film is uniform and of the right material and thickness, actually more light can be made to pass through coated lenses than through perfectly clean ones. Several percent of the light falling on a polished glass surface is reflected, hence does not pass through. Since many lens surfaces are involved in such optical instruments as cameras, projectors, microscopes, and the like, avoiding this loss is important. The method employed consists of producing with an appropriate substance a layer which is a fraction of a millionth of an inch thick. Various fluorides and barium stearate have been used. Reflection is practically avoided and the glass becomes invisible. By applying this technique to motion-picture projectors now used in some of the theaters showing *Gone with the Wind*, an increase of 15 to 30 percent in brightness is achieved.

More Useful Vitamin. Based on animal experiments only and hence surrounded by cautions that human reactions may be different, recent announcements state that injections of vitamin B₁ prevent serum sickness. This is important, if proved true, because of the sensitivity of persons to second administrations of serums such as those used

in treating tetanus, for example. In the past a variety of serums from horses, cows, sheep, and other animals have had to be used to prevent this. Sometimes the patient has suffered when the proper kind of serum was not available. Possibly these experiments may show a way to prevent that.

Weeds Baffle Science. Among all of science's growing list of synthetics, the making of starches and sugars from carbon dioxide, water, and sunlight has proved most baffling. Any weed can do it. Man has failed time after time. Late a British chemist, Prof. E. C. C. Baly, has succeeded in making a barely detectable and identifiable quantity of a starch in a way somewhat like Nature's. The day of synthetic food, when man can get along without vegetation, is still in the remote future. That a problem so apparently simple to plants should prove so baffling to science makes scientists humble.

American Cigarette Paper. Traditionally cigarette paper has been made in France from old linen rags. Last Fall a company began manufacturing this ubiquitous commodity in the mountains of North Carolina from American-grown virgin flax. This site was chosen to get water of exceptional purity and an atmosphere free from dust and smoke. Nearly 1,000 workers are now employed, and within six months of the opening of the plant its capacity has been increased 50 percent. Approximately 10,000 tons of paper-stock fiber are consumed a year—the product of between 75,000 and 100,000 acres of farm land.

X Rays of Tires. Accustomed as we are to the use of X rays to make invisible things visible, we are still a little startled to have hidden defects in our automobile tires pointed out to us by that means. A new X-ray device looks through tires while they are still on the wheel and instantly shows defects. (See cut at right.)

Useful Corn By-Product. When the starch maker finishes with corn, a large amount of waste is left, which has in the past been fed to farm animals. Now the protein is being taken from it and put to use as a greaseproof coating for paper, a vehicle for printing inks, a molding compound, and a paint, among other applications. It may even yield a synthetic silk and a cellophane.

New (?) Explosive. Military authorities seem to have discovered liquid oxygen explosive since its use in the recent war in Spain. Actually mixtures of finely powdered carbon and liquid oxy-

gen have been used in quarrying operations for many years. One of their great advantages is insensitivity to shock. In addition cartridges lose their explosive character as soon as the liquid oxygen has evaporated. This is a disadvantage from a military point of view, since the useful life of prepared cartridges is only a matter of hours and they can only be used when freshly made. Much secrecy surrounds what are proclaimed as revolutionary developments in this field, and details are awaited with interest.

Better Mirrors. A new method of silvering mirrors does in 60 seconds or less what older technique required as much as an hour to accomplish—and does a better job of it. A newly discovered chemical is used which frees silver more quickly from its solution than formaldehyde or Rochelle salt formerly used. Because of its speed, the new method allows two solutions, one of silver and one of reducing agent, to be sprayed simultaneously onto the clean glass plate. Formerly the mixed solutions had to stand on the glass for a period of time to form a silver deposit.

Nondeteriorating Batteries. To prevent drying out of dry batteries when not in use, a new type encloses the necessary liquid component in a breakable glass capsule. When needed, the glass capsule is broken and the cell quickly supplies current. The new batteries are ideal for emergency purposes, since they can be stored indefinitely without losing efficiency.

Ice Punch Bowls. Hostesses can now dispense cheer from punch bowls made

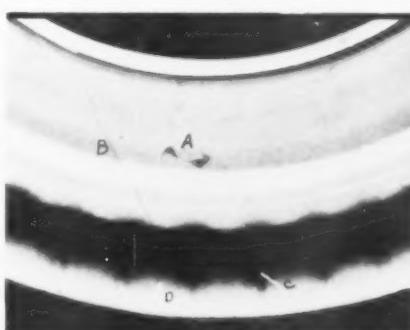


Photo: General Electric X-Ray Corp.

SOMETHING wrong with a tire? A new X-ray device examines the tire on the wheel, shows (A) a side-wall break, (B) a cord separation, (C) a nail, (D) a piece of glass.

of ice which serve the dual purpose of bowl and refrigerant. The bowls, molded by ice companies, are decorative, novel, efficient. Their normal life is a single party, and should one of the guests be awkward, the breaking of the bowl is a minor matter—not a major catastrophe.

Synthetic Ice. Skating enthusiasts are promised year-round sport in all climates as a result of a new synthetic ice which gives a superior skating surface. It keeps in any temperature because it is not cold.



The Scratchpad Man visits The Rotary Roundup at Albuquerque

LADIES and gentlemen of the Rotary family: I am The Scratchpad Man. Age, uncertain; profession, journalistic. Yes, I'm a bachelor. No kith, no kin. But the Office Dog (see page 4 for announcement) and I do chum up. So when I was called into THE ROTARIAN editorial office the other day and told to "cover" the District Conference at Albuquerque, New Mexico, I said: "Yes, if my dog goes too."

"That's okeh," my ears heard, "but don't forget that this is an important assignment. Rotary has 150 Districts. We can't report on all, so we've picked out a typical one. Do a

good job. If readers like it, we'll send you to the June Convention in Havana."

Albuquerque, I discovered, is New Mexico's metropolis: population 26,570. It has skyscrapers and one-story adobe (mud to you) houses. Indians with blankets over their shoulders and cowboys in skin-tight levis (blue overall pants) and ten-gallon hats mingle with "dudes" from everywhere.

I like the way Rotarians out here shake hands—hearty and pump-handle style. And their ladies are—well, as I said, I'm a bachelor, but I wonder if I've made a great mistake. "Let's get acquainted" was the slogan of the Conference, which took fellowship as its theme. No one waited on formal introductions, and new friendships were made with an easy "Howdy, partner."

These neighborly folks—450 strong—came from all over the 115th District, which includes 25 Clubs in New Mexico and six in western Texas. And, for the first time, every Club was represented.

By Sunday night, April 14, almost every-

body had registered. Then came two days packed with speeches, group meetings, and social events characteristic of Rotary District Conferences from Calcutta to Keokuk. And let it be said that Rotarians out New Mexico way take their Rotary seriously.

Then came the breakup, with many a "So long, see you next year!"



GARBED *a la* western, Mr. and Mrs. E. Z. Vogt, of Gallup, lend a bit of smiling local color.



DELEGATES, some of whom arrived by plane (above), glimpsed the decorated town (below), and hurried to register (right).



CONVERSATION took an international twist when Boyd Ryan, of Juarez, Mexico, and Roy J. Weaver, Director and Rotary International representative at the Conference, stopped for an informal chat.



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Photo: Vierheller

WHILE the Sunday buffet supper table, laden with choice tidbits, delighted The Scratchpad Man, the morsel on the plate of a near-by woman took the Office Dog's fancy. But just in good fun, of course.

PICTURESQUE Spanish-American troubadours, splendid in wide-brimmed sombreros and shoulder serapes, crooned their ballads to diners during supper hour. Dancing followed when a Spanish orchestra provided many lilting strains from "south of the border."

Photo: Vierheller



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PLACARDS held by President Henry Kaune (left) and Gordon Street, of the Santa Fe Rotary Club, tell their own story. The señoritas are their wives.

CAUGHT BY The Scratchpad Man's camera was this informal gathering of notables (left to right): Roy J. Weaver, of Pueblo, Colo., Rotary International Director; District Governor Claude Simpson, of Roswell; Clinton P. Anderson, of Albuquerque, Past President of Rotary International; and Past Governors Hunter O. Metcalfe, Guy P. Harrington, John P. Sheehan, Dr. R. E. McBride, John W. Chapman, Charles E. Graham, and Col. Jeff Atwood.





Photo: Albuquerque Tribune

"WELCOME to Albuquerque," greeted President Morton Cheney (left), of the host Club, Monday morning as plenary sessions opened. These were interspersed with community singing led by energetic H. J. (Doc) Geis, Hobbs.

AMONG other speakers who left an impression upon the Conference were Frank R. Jamison (left), of the Denver, Colo., Rotary Club, and Dr. Carl H. Gellenthien, the Las Vegas Rotary Club President.



HAILING from the pinto bean country, this delegation from Mountainair (above) gathers at a warehouse to talk a bit of shop: O. W. Hall, G. T. McWhirter, Alfonzo Griffin, John Auferoth, Bascom Weaver, and L. E. Hanlon.



"I'LL TAKE strawberry pop," chirps The Scratchpad Man as he and the Office Dog toss a leg over a counter "saddle" and play "drug-store cowboy" during a pause for refreshments in the day's rush.



A FUNNY story delights District Governor-Nominee Dr. Joel Wright, of Alpine, Tex., and wife (left). John MacDonald, Magdalena President, drove a team into Albuquerque 46 years ago and "hitched" at Conference hotel site.

Photos except otherwise credited: Harold E. Cooley

ENJOYING the social side of the program are District Governor and Mrs. Claude Simpson (above), waiters at the Conierence ball (lower left), and merrymakers grouped at the punch bowl (below).



1940 Convention
Havana,
Cuba
June 9-14

Rotary Reporter

A little news magazine of and for Rotary International

5,034 Rotary Clubs
(140 since July 1)
211,469
Rotarians

Turn Storm into Gay Civic Fête When a bad storm prevented Rotarians of near-by communities from attending an intercity meeting planned at MAYSVILLE, Mo., it looked—for an instant, at least—like a waste of “110 dinners.” But resourceful hosts invited in 85 townspeople for a “free feed” and program. “The result,” says a Club informant, “was the best Rotary meeting in many months. It proved to be the best thing the Club ever did to sell Rotary to the community and permit citizens to see how a Rotary Club works.”

And Rotary Arose During a recent luncheon of the GREAT YARMOUTH, ENGLAND, Rotary Club one of the members was called to the phone. On the wire was his wife, who is associated with welfare work for sailors. She told her husband that survivors from a mined vessel had been brought into port, and were without sufficient clothing.

Hearing this news, the Chairman appealed to the Club. Since the meeting was being held in a store, it was only a matter of minutes before clothing on behalf of the Club and personal gifts were on their way to the men. Then the meeting continued.

Nature Will Heat Iceland's Capital How hot springs located 17 kilometers from REYKJAVIK, ICELAND, will be harnessed to heat the community was described to members of the REYKJAVIK Rotary Club at a recent luncheon. Work has been retarded because of unsettled world conditions, but it is expected that REYKJAVIK householders will save 25,000 tons of coal next Winter. (For a story on Iceland see page 9.)

Give Training to New Voters It is estimated that 36,000 persons reach the age of 21—legal voting age—each year in PHILADELPHIA, PA. Aware of this, Rotarians of PHILADELPHIA conduct a good-citizenship program for young voters. The Club's program, begun several years ago, recognizes the need for developing among new voters a genuine interest in better government, and the awakening of a desire to take a more intelligent part in political affairs.

Quiz Questions Spice Meetings The “Prof. Quiz” type of program continues to prove interesting to Rotary Clubs. Most recent examples come from TAFT, CALIF., and CLIFTON SPRINGS, N. Y. TAFT Rotarians not only entertained themselves with questions about Rotary, its history and

phases, but also “educated” their guests—members of the 20-30 Club, a group of younger businessmen. Rotarians of the CLIFTON SPRINGS Club were tested on their knowledge of village affairs.

Boys Learn What Makes Club 'Tick' Four boys chosen from high schools at MATAMORAS, PA., and PORT JERVIS, N. Y., get a 20-week course in Rotary by attendance at meetings of the PORT JERVIS Rotary Club. Designated as “juniors,” the boys participate in Club activities and get a peep at the things which make the Club “tick.” Other recent activities of the PORT JERVIS Club include a substantial contribution toward the purchase of high-school band uniforms, and a benefit which netted \$107 for an underprivileged children's camp.

Fathers County Welfare Board Out of the Community Service activities of the Rotary Club of DEL RIO, TEX., has come a permanent county welfare board. The project was initiated by the DEL Rio Club, and is now of a permanent nature with Rotary representation.

Youth Exchanges Foster Goodwill Numerous are the ways Rotarians foster international goodwill, and among them is the youth-exchange plan.

Districts 59 (The Netherlands) and 61 (Belgium and Luxembourg) have a well-established plan for youth exchange between Districts, administered by an Inter-District Committee. For

several years, from 15 to 25 young people from one District have been entertained in homes in the other. . . . District 107 (Southern California and part of Nevada) has just launched a plan for the exchange of youth with Clubs in Latin America. A minimum of ten youths will be selected.

Rotary Clubs of District 78 (Sweden) have for several Summers entertained children from other countries visiting in Sweden. . . . In the last ten years there have been a number of exchange visits by youth groups between India and Australia.

Accent on Babies and Erring Boys Healthier and happier youngsters in two Palestine communities can be traced to activities of the JAFFA-TEL-AVIV Rotary Club. Rotarians are supporting an Arab Ladies' Infant Welfare at JAFFA, and trade-school classes for juvenile delinquents at TEL-AVIV.

Intercity Meeting Via Short Wave Exchanging greetings and talks on their respective Clubs, Rotarians of RUSSELL, KANS., and WAIIWA-WAIALUA, HAWAII, held a recent intercity meeting via short-wave radio. RUSSELL Rotarians congregated in the “shack” of Rotarian Richard L. Miller—who is known to “hams” as W9QPK—and enjoyed a unique noon hour. It was five hours earlier in Hawaii than in Kansas.

'We'll Meet You at the Fair' Vacation time will soon be here, and many Rotarians will be visiting Treasure Island at SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., and the World of Tomorrow at NEW YORK, N. Y. Rotarian visitors at the NEW YORK exposition are invited to attend sessions of the QUEENSBORO, N. Y., Rotary Club, which meets each Tuesday at the Schaefer Center. The QUEENSBORO Club held 22 meetings on the Fair grounds last season, entertaining 1,210 guests from many lands.

Rotary's 'Flag' Flies Despite War While war conditions continue to spread in Europe, Rotary Clubs are meeting new challenges to “keep the Rotary flag flying.”

Typical of information being received by this department is a letter from Leonard Smith, Secretary of the Belper, ENGLAND, Rotary Club of 30 members. The Club has changed headquarters from time to time, but is “once more back in its original home at the Lion Hotel,” the letter reports.

“Its special war service is the ‘adoption’ of a mine sweeper, and the letters received acknowledging gifts and comforts make interesting reading. Presi-



Photo: Briggs

TYPICAL of another era were the costumes worn at the “Gone with the Wind” all-night party held at Elk City, Okla. Rotarians.

dent J. M. Campbell is rallying the members well, and weekly luncheons are well attended. Most of the members are serving on local councils, committees, and A.R.P., and are trying to keep the Rotary flag flying.

"All send greetings to our friends in the U. S. A., Canada, and the world over," the letter concludes.

The "adoption" of trawlers, mine

their local stations in the evenings, and transport soldiers to their homes. Additional petrol has been allotted for this purpose. Coöoperating Clubs include BISHOP AUCKLAND, DARLINGTON, DURHAM, MIDDLESBROUGH, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, STOCKTON & THORNABY, SUNDERLAND, and WEST HARTLEPOOL.

Other work of English Clubs includes: CHELTENHAM—collection and

£200 to aid troops; ENFIELD—giving of comforts to soldiers; GREENWICH—entertainment of a number of officers and men of a near-by R.A.F. balloon barrage unit at a party; GRIMSBY & CLEETHORPES—opening of a canteen, which was used by 3,000 men during the first six weeks it was available.

HEANOR—supplying a wireless set, a dart board, and playing cards to a detachment of R. E's Searchlight Company; NEWCASTLE—entertainment of officers and men; NOTTINGHAM—meeting of "leave trains" by Club members and taking men to their respective homes; ROWLEY REGIS—sending of gifts to sons of Rotarians serving with the forces; WORKINGTON—taking active interest in furnishing and managing a canteen and recreation room for soldiers.

Members of the HALIFAX and MONTREAL, CANADA, Rotary Clubs are coöperating to entertain soldiers and sailors. MONTREAL Rotarians contributed \$250 to the program of HALIFAX Rotarians,



FELLOWSHIP thrives at the Outport Rotarians Tiffin Club in Shanghai, China: reading clockwise from lower left—Chang I-Pang, of Soochow; Alex. O. Potter, Honorary Assistant to the Secretary of Rotary International; Dr. F. B. Nance, former president of Soochow University; Z. V. Lee, Past President of the Tsingtan Rotary Club; W. H. Tan, Past President of the Shanghai Club; Governor Dr. Yen Te-Ching, of Districts 97-98; F. C. Ling, Past President of the Rotary Clubs of Tsingtao and Hankow; and Sohtsu G. King, Past President at Peiping.

sweepers, and "godsons of war" is popular among Clubs. To date more than 200 Clubs in Rotary International in Great Britain and Ireland have made ship "adoptions." Adopted crews are provided with gifts and receive letters, magazines, and recreational equipment.

Dedicating their Rotary Observance Week program to Rotarians in Finland and Poland, members of the LE HAVRE, FRANCE, Rotary Club raised more than 12,000 francs for Finnish relief. A second benefit party was held, and 6,000 francs was raised to carry on the Club's charity program.

The Rotary Club of GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, has discontinued the entree at their luncheons, reducing the cost of meals. The Club recently voted 500 francs for Army work. . . . Members of the LAUSANNE, SWITZERLAND, Club have supplied warm underclothing to a unit of troops commanded by a fellow Rotarian.

The BERNE Rotary Club transmitted 100 francs to a battery commanded by a fellow Club member.

A recently initiated feature of *The Rotary Wheel*, R.I.B.I. official organ, is a listing of Rotarians on the "Active Service" list. The Community Service Committee of the COVENTRY, ENGLAND, Rotary Club organized a community blood-donor plan which has over 10,000 volunteers. The Committee also raised £55 to provide recreational equipment for a balloon barrage squadron, reports *The Wheel*.

District 3 has organized a "transport scheme" designed to relieve stranded members of the forces returning on leave. Volunteers from Clubs attend

distribution of books; CHESTERFIELD—benefit dance to provide funds for the recreation and care of troops, and the opening of a canteen with reading, writing, and recreation rooms; COULSDON—supplying members of an R.A.F. squadron with cigarettes, comforts, games, and books, and writing letters to mobilized members.

EASTBOURNE—contribution of funds for a mobile canteen named after the Club; EAST GRINSTEAD—donation of

Current Rotary Events

May 25-29—Meeting of the Board of Directors of Rotary International in Chicago.

May 27—President Walter D. Head will receive L.H.D. degree from Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y.

May 31—"President's Special" will leave Chicago for International Assembly and Convention at Havana, Cuba.

June 3-7—International Assembly and Rotary Institute will be held in Havana, Cuba.

June 6—Cruise ships will sail from New York for Havana Convention.

June 9-14—Thirty-first annual Convention of Rotary International will be held in Havana.

June 13—Final session of meeting of Board of Directors of Rotary International in 1939-40 and interim meeting of Board in 1940-41 will be held in Havana, Cuba.



TALENT galore was displayed at the Dearborn, Mich., Rotary Club's international night held as a student loan fund benefit. Here Rotarians "make up" and "make up to" two dancers.

which includes opening their homes to the men in uniform.

'Self-Help' in The Netherlands An example of self-help similar to the American plan described in the April issue of THE ROTARIAN comes from The Netherlands. In several cities there is an organization known as *Door Arbeid Welvaart* (Through Labor Prosperity), in which unemployed tradesmen exchange services in lieu of money. Rotarians of DVENTER are assisting the project in their community by financing materials needed by the shoemaker, painter, and other participants in the plan.

Club Would Ban Radio 'Thrillers' On the grounds that the broadcasting of "hair-raising and terrifying tales" is objectionable to cultured persons and harmful for children, members of the Rotary Club of CIEGO DE AVILA, CUBA, have petitioned the Radio Commission to ban such broadcasts.

Warm Clothing for School Tots A number of elementary-school children in MARIBOR, YUGOSLAVIA, were enabled to attend their classes during cold Winter weather through the generosity of Rotarians. Club members donated 100 suits of warm underclothing and many pairs of shoes. . . . In memory of a deceased member, the Rotary Club of ZAGREB, YUGOSLAVIA, set up a trust fund to support poor students of the ZAGREB Academy of Arts.

Plan Town Bulletin Board Having no local newspaper in their town, Rotarians of STELBENBOSCH, SOUTH AFRICA, propose to erect a bulletin board in a prominent place, presenting daily summaries of the news. . . . Rotarians of SOUTH DEERFIELD, MASS., are assisting high-school pupils in the publication of a weekly newspaper.

Build Libraries in Hospital, Jail Collecting books, magazines, and newspapers, Rotarians of RIVERA, URUGUAY, are building libraries for the local hospital and jail. Coöperating with citizens of a near-by city, the Club is assisting municipal authorities in the two communities in connection with vehicle-traffic regulations. . . . The TACUAREMBÓ, URUGUAY, Club is also working to found a public library. . . . The Rotary Club of DURAZNO, URUGUAY, has written letters to a number of Clubs requesting donations of books for a library.

Visitors Become 'Adopted Sons' Proudly displayed on the office walls of Rotarians in various States are certificates proclaiming them "Adopted Sons" of the SARASOTA, FLA., Rotary Club. After a Rotarian has visited the SARASOTA Club, a signed certificate is sent to the visitor's home Club, where the presentation is made. The plan contributes materially to inter-Club fellowship.



Photo: Monterey Peninsula Herald

THESE Monterey, Calif., Rotarians took the skyways to Fresno for an intercity session.



Photo: Chehalis Advocate

ROTARIANS of Chehalis, Wash., initiated a campaign to outfit this band with new uniforms.



FIRST HONORS for International Service in the 1938-39 Clubs-of-the-Year Contest were won by the Norman, Okla., Rotary Club. Here you see a gala party celebrating the announcement.



RECENTLY awarded to Dr. Alexis Carrel, famed scientist (second from left), was the distinguished service medal of the Rotary Club of Paris, France. Speaking is President Pierre Richard. At the right is Maurice Duperrey, Rotary International's President in 1937-38.

Scratchpaddings

LOCAL COLOR. Calling all Club Secretaries. Does your Club have novel make-up cards, membership badges, announcements, or other "local-color gadgets" to promote fellowship? THE SCRATCHPAD MAN would like to hear of them. The Phoenix, Ariz., Rotary Club has a make-up card showing a visitor being "roped" by a cowpuncher. The Tucson, Ariz., card is an imitation of hand-hammered copper. What's yours like?

Debut and Demise. The first and last edition of *The Eater's Digest* recently made its debut and demise at the Maysville, Ky., Rotary Club. Crammed to the brimming point, the paper included Rotary history, needs of the community, chatty and folksy bits, cooking hints, cleverly concocted poems and jokes, and free advertisements — all written and published by MAYSVILLE ROTARIAN EUGENE MERZ at his own expense. The newspaper celebrated a visit of Rotary's Founder, PAUL P. HARRIS.

Inspirational Hobbyist. Setting up charity trust funds seems to be a hobby with ROTARIAN J. R. MACKENZIE, of Christchurch, New Zealand. Two years ago he gave £10,000 to be administered by the Rotary Clubs of Christchurch and Wellington as a trust for poor boys. At the recent Conference of District 53 (New Zealand and the Fiji Islands) he announced creation of a £100,000 trust fund, the income of which is to aid disabled soldiers, children, and charity. Leading Rotarians of New Zealand will be among the trustees. In announcing his latest gift, ROTARIAN MACKENZIE stated that the inspiration came from Rotary.

Governor's Day. What do Rotary Past District Governors talk about when they get together? Well, in Frederick, Md., ten men who have held the Governor's chair of District 180 and the incumbent, EDWARD M. ELLIOTT, of Coopersport, Pa., studied opportunities for helping the deaf. They held their "Governor's Day" session at the Maryland State School for the Deaf.

Prince Comments. Honorary Governor of District 77 (Yugoslavia) is H.R.H. PRINCE REGENT PAUL, who admires Rotary and Rotarians. In an audience recently granted DISTRICT GOVERNOR RADOVAN ALAUPOVIC at Zagreb, His Royal Highness said: "I too am a Rotarian, but unfortunately up to the present time I have not been able to take an active part in the Rotary movement, because I am too much occupied with the affairs of State, particularly in these difficult times. I follow the Rotary

movement with great sympathy and I especially congratulate you, Mr. Governor, on your magazine, *Jugoslowenski Rotar*, and on your splendid *Monthly Letters*."

Family Affairs. Rather common are father-and-son teams in Rotary, but not so ordinary is the fact that a dad and his boy are serving two New Mexico Clubs as President (see cut). J. L. BURKE, the son, is "Prexy" in Jal, while GENE R. BURKE, the father, is "top man" in Hobbs. . . . In Texas, a father and son serve their respective Clubs as Secretary. ARNOLD BAILEY, the dad, keeps records for McGregor Rotarians, while TOM BAILEY, the son, does a similar job in Corsicana. . . . The Secretary of the Joplin, Mo., Club recently received an



GIVING each other "the grip" here are two Club Presidents: Dad Gene Burke, of Hobbs, N. Mex., and his son, J. L., of Jal, N. Mex.

unusual "make-up" card from Fort Smith, Ark., which read like a Rotary reunion of the ORR family. Let's count them: CHARLES, the father, is an honorary member in Fort Smith and an active member in Joplin; SON RAYMOND is a Past President of the Fort Smith Club; SON JAMES is a Past President of the Poteau, Okla., Club; SON CHARLES is a member in Webb City, Mo.; and SON-IN-LAW LLOYD COWGILL "belongs" at Miami, Okla. And a postscript to these family affairs: J. M. RANKIN, now of Slaton, Tex., served the Rotary Club of Ralls, Tex., as President in 1936-37, while his brother, the Rev. J. S. RANKIN, is present first officer of the Club in Seagraves, Tex.

Youth Tunes In. To acquaint high-school boys with the requirements and opportunities in professional fields, the Rotary Club of New York, N. Y., recently initiated a series of weekly occupational-guidance broadcasts over station WHN. These are held on Tuesday evenings (9:15 to 9:30 EST) for 13

weeks with Club members discussing their businesses or professions. Special emphasis is placed on the aptitudes necessary for success. Youth is being given an active part in the broadcasts through forum periods.

Essayists. Winner in the Chicago Rotary Club's essay contest on the solution of employer-employee problems—held in connection with the "Town Meeting of the Air" broadcast during Rotary Observance Week—was ROTARIAN S. LEWIS LAND, of Buffalo, N. Y. Second prize was won by ROTARIAN CARL S. COLER, of the Pittsburgh, Pa., Rotary Club. Twenty-five other prizes were awarded.

Marathon Speaker. For 20 years ROTARIAN CHARLES E. BARKER, of Grand Rapids, Mich., has been lecturing. But the number of years doesn't begin to tell his platform story. He has spoken to over 3,584,000 high-school and college students in more than 7,500 schools. And that isn't all. He has appeared before 2,160 Rotary Clubs, and more than 4,115,000 adults have heard his talks. *How to Make the Most Out of Life* is the subject of his inspirational address to youth.

Leaders. Stewardship of the New York State Association for Crippled Children is largely in the hands of Rotary-trained men. At a recent meeting the Association named PAST INTERNATIONAL DIRECTOR RAYMOND J. KNOEPPEL, of New York, as its president. ROTARIAN GEORGE J. HAFSTROM, of Staten Island, was elected secretary, and PAST DISTRICT GOVERNOR ALEX CAVEN, of Poughkeepsie, was made the new treasurer.

Decorated. Bestowed recently upon WALTER D. HEAD, Rotary International's President, and ARMANDO DE ARRUDA PEREIRA, Rotary's President Nominee for 1940-41, by the Government of the Republic of Cuba was the decoration of the Order of Carlos Manuel Cespedes. The Cross of the Order is the highest decoration conferred by the Cuban Government.

Shortly after these pages reach readers, PRESIDENT HEAD will be DOCTOR HEAD.

RECEIVING a cowboy emblem from President R. E. Cowan, of the Fort Worth, Tex., Rotary Club, is Rotary's President, Walter D. Head.



Photo: Smith

Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y., will confer the L.H.D. (Doctor of Humane Letters) degree upon Rotary's First Officer as a part of its annual commencement program (May 27).

Civic Service. When you talk about the Rotary Club and the Chamber of Commerce of Lebanon, Pa., you're talking about the same group of men—all-

munity by the local Junior Chamber of Commerce. The Chamber's annual award went to CARL H. ROCKEY and honorable mention to NORMAN NEWBERRY, J. M. MILLER, and NAT TOLMAN. . . . CHARLES WICKS, a member of the Rotary Club of Rochester, N. Y., has been elected president of the National Hotel Men's Association. . . . For 25 years of service as a 4-H Club leader, ROTARIAN

ing the DVORAK version—carrying the swooping choruses through from "soup to nuts."

In 'China's Pittsburgh.' "We Are Coming Up" headlines a recent item in *The Gorges*, publication of the Rotary Club of Chungking, China. "In spite of the occasional noon 'air alarm' we had 24 present." The editor goes on to report the induction of five new members. Chungking, a city some 900 miles inland from Shanghai, has been styled "the Pittsburgh of China" because of the tremendous industrial development which has been made there during the last year.

Investment. Rotary International has subscribed for £4,000 worth of British Government war-loan bonds, drawing on general Rotary funds on deposit in London, England, it has been announced.

Lineage. Center of interest at the annual fathers' and daughters' night party of the Springville, N. Y., Rotary Club was 83-year-old EDWARD SCOTT, a charter member. ROTARIAN SCOTT brought his daughter, Mrs. JAMES GRAY, whose son, ROTARIAN ROBERT GRAY, in turn brought his daughter. That figures up to four generations around the same Rotary dinner table. And more—ROTARIAN JAMES GRAY, Sr., brought his two daughters, who rounded out the "family affair."

Roving Rotarian. A unique record as a visitor of Rotary Clubs is being set by ROTARIAN HOWARD J. RHODUS, of Mexico, Mo. He visited his 518th Club recently when he attended a luncheon with St. Paul, Minn., Rotarians!

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN



Photo: Rotarian J. W. Callahan

THE SIMMONS Rotary family: Father John M., center, Bainbridge, Ga.; and Sons William P., Macon, Ga.; Jack W., Tallahassee, Fla.; Ramsay, Bainbridge; and Thomas, Tennille, Ga.

most. Rotarians hold these offices in the Chamber: presidency; first and second vice-presidencies; general, corporation, and assistant corporation secretaryships; eight of 14 board memberships; and five of 15 advisory directorships. The immediate past president of the Chamber also is a Rotarian.

Quickly Caught. It doesn't take long for new Rotary Clubs and Rotarians to catch the spirit of Rotary—witness this poem written by J. EDWARD STEPHENS, Vice-President of the year-old Forest, Ont., Canada, Rotary Club:

ROTARY

*From North to South, from East to West,
Wherever man doth dwell,
The flag of Rotary is unfurled
To cast its magic spell.*

*Our Rotary emblem is a wheel,
In colors blue and gold,
Each cog a man, each spoke a plan
Of service doth unfold.*

*"He profits most who serves the best,"
We do whate'er we can
To spread the doctrine of goodwill—
The fellowship of man.*

Welcome(d) Song. Should you visit the Clarksburg, W. Va., Rotary Club, you'd doubtless be welcomed and sent on your way following a pleasant hour with a song "devised" by PAST DISTRICT GOVERNOR ROBERT R. WILSON. Try it to the tune of *Auld Lang Syne*:

*We're glad you're here, because you're here,
We hope you'll come again.
If we can serve you, make it clear
Just how, and where, and when.*

Honors. PROFESSOR EMERITUS WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, of Yale University and honorary Rotarian of New Haven, Conn., who contributes a regular column to THE ROTARIAN (see page 43, this issue), recently received the American Education Award presented by the American Association of School Administrators for outstanding achievement in his profession. . . . Four members of the Alliance, Nebr., Rotary Club were cited for outstanding service to the com-

PAUL C. TAFF, of Ames, Iowa, was given special honors by the National 4-H Club Congress. He is the 4-H Club leader for the State of Iowa. . . . President of the National Furniture Warehousemen's Association for 1940 is ANTHONY D. BULLOCK, a Cincinnati, Ohio, Rotarian.

Parody. The male of the species is most easily won through his stomach, someone has said, which may be reduced to the statement that Rotarians like to eat. Aware of this, ROTARIAN RAY F. DVORAK, of Madison, Wis., took the old chorus favorite *Alouette* and penned a parody—*All You Eat*. Madison Rotarians are having a lot of fun chant-

MEET ten pater-filius teams in the Louisville, Ky., Rotary Club! In this grouping, fathers are named first—right: Frank T. and Theodore Bureck; first row: Joseph and J. D. Burge; T. B. Crutcher, Sr. and Jr.; C. O. and T. A. Ewing; second row: Fred and Fred L. Haupt; J. A. and W. A. Hillerick; Edward S. and F. J. Jouett; and third row: Otis W. and Otis T. Pickrell; J. E. and R. W. Riddell; and Paul F. Semonin, Sr. and Jr. From The Scratchpad Man, all honors!



ROTARY Roundtable

A department for the elucidation of some of the problems and policies of Rotary International. Suggestions for Roundtable discussions are invited.

What Proposed Enactments and Resolutions are to be considered at Rotary's 1940 Convention in June?

The following Proposed Enactments had been received at the Chicago office of the Secretariat up to press time:

To provide that District Governors-Nominee shall be delegates-at-large in the Convention. (Proposed by the 1939 Conference of the 134th District [western Missouri].)

To create a distinct classification to be known as "Past District Governor." (Proposed by the 1939 Conference of the 167th District [Florida].)

To change the phraseology of the Second Object of Rotary. (Proposed by the Rotary Club of Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.)

To authorize the publication of *REVISTA ROTARIA* by provision of the By-Laws of Rotary International. (Proposed by the Board of Directors.)

posed by the Rotary Club of Lima, Peru.)

To clarify the provisions relating to additional active membership. (Proposed by the Board of Directors of Rotary International.)

To amend the provisions of the By-Laws of Rotary International relating to the appointment of the Convention Committee. (Proposed by the Board of Directors.)

To amend provisions of the Constitution and By-Laws of Rotary International relating to the functions of the Board of Directors of Rotary International. (Proposed by the Board of Directors.)

To change the term of office for Governors of Districts in New Zealand and Australia. (Proposed by the Board of Directors.)

To amend Article IX of the Constitution of Rotary International by making Section 2 thereof relating to the Rotary Foundation part of a new Article to be designated as Article X. (Proposed by the Board of Directors.)

The following Proposed Resolutions are to be considered:

To change the method of awarding the Convention attendance trophy. (Proposed by the Board of Directors.)

Relating to recording, editing, and publishing the proceedings of the Conventions of Rotary International. (Proposed by the Board of Directors.)

Will the admittance of younger men into Rotary Clubs tend to decrease the spirit of coöperation which now exists among the members?

Year after year it has become increasingly evident that attention must be turned to the age of prospective members. In many cases, those Clubs which have not given attention to this point for several years have met serious crises in the life of the Club. As their membership has become depleted from natural causes, they have discovered that their ability to bring in new members has decreased almost to the vanishing point. Younger men are not interested in joining what appears to be an "old men's club."

Those Clubs in the United States of America which have given serious study to the constantly advancing average age of their membership have come to the conclusion that they should strive to keep the average age of the new member admitted considerably below that of the average age of those already members. A little calculation based on the turnover in membership will disclose what should be the average age of those henceforth admitted if the Club is to keep its average age from advancing.

It has been suggested that additional active membership provides an opportunity for bringing in younger men. It must not be concluded, however, that the additional active member has to be younger than the Club member who proposes him. It sometimes occurs that a member desires to share his classification with a fellow executive who is older than himself. There is no restriction against taking such action. The only consideration there is that the Club loses the recognized advantage of bringing in younger members.



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VANCOUVER

Canada

THINK Your Way

[Continued from page 38]

with us like a ghost visible to us alone, holding our mental gaze hopelessly fixed on itself instead of on the work we are doing. But no matter what specific form worry takes, say to your unconscious, "Yes, that's important; but it must wait until this other thing is done—then I'll give it full attention." It's amazing how easily satisfied your unconscious is if you keep faith with it—really give the problem attention in turn.

That's the single-minded attitude—one-thing-at-a-time—that all of us have to learn. Without it we get nowhere, either in work or in play.

Arnold Bennett described concentration as "the power to dictate to the brain its task and insure its obedience." This power comes with practice, and practice, proverbially, requires patience.

Many a school and college boy has come to me with a good mind, but no ability to study. One lad had a keen interest in engineering and his whole future depended upon mastering mentally his chosen field, but he couldn't concentrate on books. I made him sit eight hours a day, with college texts in front of him. Probably not more than one hour out of the eight was productive, at first. But gradually as he practiced studying, interest increased. By the end of the first year of systematic studying, he was able to keep his mind on his work about half the time. It was not until the end of the second year that he mastered his task and achieved a high degree of concentration. He graduated *magna cum laude* and Phi Beta Kappa and entered engineering school with a mental facility that is carrying him to success. He possessed, to begin with, the essentials of concentration, but he had to practice concentration sedulously before he could put his potential ability to work.

THE transition from wandering attention to clear, precise concentration is the product of persistent effort. If you keep bringing your mind back again and again, fifty, a hundred times, to some predetermined subject, your competing thoughts will eventually give way to the selected object of attention. Such practice may take many hours at first, but in the end you will find yourself able to concentrate at will upon any interest or activity you select. It is control of concentration power, not the power itself, which requires practice. The power is yours all along—keep nagging at it until it answers your call.

There are certain exercises that will help. Memorizing is a good exercise

for practicing concentration in all the many fields of your different interests.

You will find that the ability to remember, gained through concentration in one field, transfers itself readily to other preoccupations.

If you are trying to open your ears mentally to what somebody else is saying, the topic being far from your thoughts at the moment, it's a good plan to fix your eyes upon the speaker, to think of why this person is interesting and attractive to you, to move nearer and put yourself into the best listening posture.

If you are striving to give your attention to a book and find you have read two pages without remembering a word,

go back to the beginning and read a few paragraphs aloud to yourself. If that doesn't work, add gestures, dramatize the dialogue, make yourself act and feel the characters or react in an exaggerated way to the situations described. This will have the effect of making the book talk to you and act before you on a mental stage. It should, therefore, claim your attention as against other, less clamorous interests.

When you have learned to bring all your mind and faculties to bear without distraction on the problem or subject in hand, you will find a twofold reward: both the number of things you are able to do—and the pleasure of doing them—will be immensely increased.

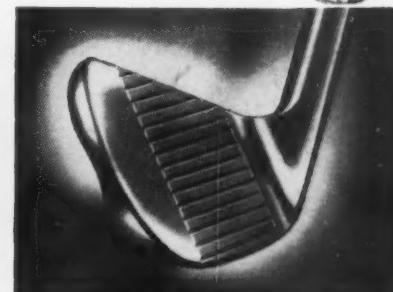
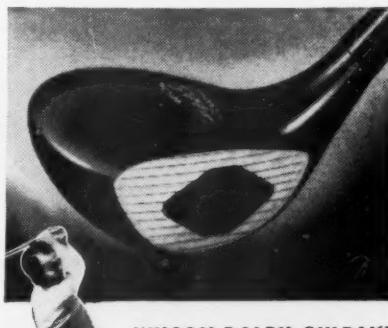
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Globe-Wernicke
Cincinnati, Ohio

We Let the Bees Do the Work

[Continued from page 27]

his charges. The bees surged over the flowers, often driving the workmen from the patches. One tough colony of bees acted as though it owned our marigolds. We waited impatiently for the seed to set. The big question was, would it be fertile? The next was, what percentage would be hybrids?

We tested the first batch we gathered and made an important discovery. The tiny hybrid plants had red stems. Those that reverted to the African type had green stems. Thanks to this unexpected quirk, we could tell when the hybrid plants were only an inch high not only how well the bees had done their work, but also what percentage of the plants would bear the prized red-and-gold blossoms.

From the first week's gleaning, the planting test in greenhouse flats revealed only 28 percent of the hybrids wanted. Seven out of every ten plants were throw backs, undesirable. This was so discouraging we almost gave up.

Luckily, before we plowed up the obstinate marigolds, it occurred to Thomas Little, the chief hybridizer, to examine the blossoms under a magnifying glass. He discovered that many Africans that looked male sterile to the rogues were throwing off minute quantities of pollen,

which fertilized the flowers and upset our well-laid plans. The bees weren't to blame, after all! Bill Hoag put through a hurry-up order for magnifying glasses. After that, each workman in the field carried one. He examined every plant flower head, destroying every African showing the slightest trace of pollen.

This was a tedious job, but one that brought results. The percentage of hybrids jumped to 34 out of every 100 plants in our next germination test, then it rose to 57, and finally to 87. By roguing with a microscope, then leaving it to the bees to finish the job, we achieved our goal. At last, 50 pounds of seed, enough to give flower lovers this Summer 7 million plants with blossoms the like of which they never before had seen!

But what of next Summer? Incapable of reproducing themselves, these red-and-gold hybrid marigolds seem destined to have their burst of glory this year, then to disappear forever—unless somebody again goes through the whole expensive process of creating them.

I was lamenting this garden tragedy to Dr. Eyster one day, when he said: "My bet is that you'll soon be growing fertile hybrid marigolds."

"Ah," I reminded him, "they're mules



SEÑOR AMADEO LOPEZ CASTRO,
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Could we call your attention to the fact that in no other part of the world has it been possible to grow a tobacco which equals in exquisite aroma and flavor that of Havana? Only the soil and sun of Cuba have succeeded in producing this prodigy of nature.

When you offer a cigar, why not offer a choice cigar?
A REAL HAVANA—MADE IN HAVANA! Such a generous act of courtesy always wins appreciation.

TAKE BACK A BOX OF REAL HAVANA CIGARS!

Smoke HAVANA CIGARS... a sign of good taste!



now. What makes you think they will change?"

"Do you know why you had so much trouble crossing the Africans with the French?" he asked. "It was because the French have twice as many chromosomes as the Africans."

"They still have," I said.

"Yes, but if you would shock the hybrids in some way and double their chromosome count, they probably would be fertile."

Well, we have shocked the hybrids and results bear out the Doctor's prophecy. They are now fertile and set good seed—but that is another story.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Next month Mr. Burpee will explain "shocking," the latest scientific technique for producing new varieties. No garden lover can fail to be interested by its possibilities for creating new things in the plant world.

Should a Man Retire?

[Continued from page 15]

said that he was beginning to learn?

JACK—Titian. Cézanne too, who finally caught pneumonia painting, and who would say to the dealer who bought his things, "I am improving, am I not, Monsieur Vollard, improving a little?" Artists are pathetic, but they never know they are. Only conscious of happiness. That's why they never retire.

BILL—Writers do, though.

JACK—Not the real ones. Not a writer like Dickens. Not Shakespeare. Shakespeare did go back to Stratford and his best bed, but he went on writing plays. Only boys and girls who go to fiction schools and learn the recipes on which tripe magazines flourish retire.

BILL—Ah, but what profiteth a man if he can only admire but not imitate the artist?

JACK—Nor can we imitate the Rockefellers or Father Flanagan, but isn't it possible to copy the artist or the philanthropist in what makes their real happiness—namely, devotion to something which cannot be properly called a job?

BILL—Jack, you know I have two hobbies, one of which is music, the other, collecting stray cats, but I am neither an artist nor a philanthropist nor anything much. I'm afraid I shall have to retire.

JACK—Why not to more music and more cats? Pareto had 22 to your 17. If you retire to something you love and something else for which you ought to be loved, you will be one of the superior class of retiring men who do not really retire. Tell that to Dobson.

BILL—Thank you for the kind word about my hobbies, Jack.

JACK—Don't mention it. Well, Bill, we have had quite a talk. Cigarette?

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31st ANNUAL
CONVENTION
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Original CHARLES & CO.
Bon Voyage Gift Basket



Mr. Ronald Kytan, formerly head of the Gift Basket Department of the famous old firm of Charles & Co., is now supervising the preparation of these same baskets for the Bon Voyage Shop in New York. These baskets have all the old Charles & Co. excellence of quality and distinction—and you can get them *only* at the Bon Voyage Shop. Write or wire your order, giving name of delegate, ship, date and city of sailing. Your basket will be delivered to your delegate on his ship at sailing time. Baskets from \$5 to \$50.

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Remember the Folks Back Home**

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Talking It Over

[Continued from page 4]

and even went so far as to place certain volumes with which I was familiar on the most accessible shelves of the bookcases, but without much success. If Mother had a system for choosing the evening centerpiece, we never discovered it.

The discussions, which often lasted long after the dessert, were never of the same pattern and often the book on the table was not the one discussed.

After my first year away at school the eccentricity of our centerpiece dawned on me and I even dared to suggest a change on the occasion of a visit by a famous man. The protest was ignored. At dinner the guest, about whom I had heard but never seen, promptly inquired about the volume, and throughout the meal enthusiastically discussed our custom.

On another occasion a guest promptly launched into a description of book-

binding, which led one of my sisters into this art as a hobby. It is difficult to point out how our stimulating centerpiece affected our lives, but that it did I am perfectly certain. Even now, although the custom is continued for the benefit of our own children, my wife and I are constantly rereading parts of old classics which would otherwise collect dust on the bookcase shelves.

There are certain rules to our "game" which must be observed if discord is not to be precipitated. Under no circumstances may the book be examined by anyone during the course of the meal. Another rule is that anyone stimulated to read or examine the book after dinner must suppress the desire until his superiors have left the room, a superiority based on age. That is, if one of the parents does not take the book from the room, the oldest child is entitled to do so. Years ago this always impressed me as being grossly unfair. Being the youngest of a large family, I seldom got an interesting book before bedtime. By the next day I had either lost interest or forgotten about it. Perhaps this early experience is why I am now accused of monopolizing the books for perusal with my after-dinner coffee!

February Cover a Work of Art

Says A. J. ROBINSON, Rotarian
Printer
Sydney, Australia

THE ROTARIAN cover with Paul P. Harris is one of the finest pieces of printing that has ever come under my notice. Congratulations to all concerned. There is a most remarkable sharpness, also a softness. The register is quite perfect. A work of art.

I cannot say enough about this February, 1940, issue.

Now, about the contents. An excellent issue. My copy will get well worn by the time it has finished floating around to friends.

SO LARGE was the response to "Our Parasitic Children" in the May "Rotarian" that the Rotarian educator who judged the letters suggested that three winners be selected, two of whose letters follow. For an announcement of another letter contest, see page 2.—Eds.

Society Makes the Individual

Says SAM HESS, Rotarian
Probate Judge, Phelps County
Rolla, Missouri

Children are what they are by reason of the influences that operate upon them in their early years: first the home, then the church, school, and community. If a child is unreasonable in his demands and "soft" toward work, one or all of these influences has failed. All children are "parasitic" if left to their own devices. It requires no effort to be bad; we are born with our primitive instincts dominant. Goodness, honesty, and responsiveness to duty are acquired characteristics.

The modern child does not differ from the primitive child except that he is born into a more complicated society and has at his disposal the accumulated

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You'll be tired after the trip down and before starting home. Stop a few days at the South's largest, most beautiful ocean resort. Golf, tennis, dancing, shows, private beach, world-famous food. Free, protected parking during Havana convention. Free transportation to and from boat or plane. Write for information, special rates to Rotarians.

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**HOLLYWOOD
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20 MINUTES FROM MIAMI
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experience of the ages. Therefore, every child from the day he is born (and before, for that matter) requires a consciously planned program of work, play, and rest, all in accord with the age and ability of the child.

Under this view, whether children are parasitic or not loses its importance except as a social phenomenon which has always existed. The agencies of influence require the same technique as always, but under a different and more complicated environment. Parents must know more than enough to procreate; churches must have teachers who can translate religion into life; schools must have teachers who know how to build character; and everyone should know that the completed individual is a product of the totality of society.

'Problem Parents' to Blame

Says IRVING H. HELLER, *Rotarian*
Tours Representative
St. Louis, Missouri

Children are parasitic, naturally, a fact we anticipate when we go about bringing them into the world, so at the outset we face this actuality.

They must be parasitic unless we make our sons as early as possible get out on the streets and sell papers, or place a peddler's tray in the little girls' hands and push them onto the streets for what is but begging.

But a spoiled and selfish youngster in the teen ages is nothing but the result of sloppy parenthood. A child's training starts at birth, or with the first bottle feeding, and from then on should be careful shaping of the child's thoughts and habits by thoughtful and sensible parents. The trouble is that too many parents are either stupid, careless, or thoughtless, and by the time the child has reached adolescence they have a bad product of their own (lack of) design.

There is a formula: teach a child what is right and what is wrong, and *always* give him or her a reason for your do's or don'ts. Tell him, from the first days of the year he attains understanding, the family's—and correspondingly his—economic position, so that he will *understand* why other children can have more materially than he, and why others have less. On the other hand, be as generous in your giving to him as your resources will permit, so that he realizes that you wish him to have everything which you can afford, and so that the idea does not grow within him that you are "penny-pinching" so far as he is concerned. But do not spoil him by going too far with your generosity.

Most "problem children" become such on account of what might be termed "problem parents," only the real "problems" are not introspective enough to find themselves out, and, paraphrasing, "their best friends won't tell them." Let some parents think this over. Raising a sick or actually delicate child is an entirely different matter—the best raising rules for such should come from the family physician, and be strictly followed.

WELCOME ROTARIANS to HAVANA!

THE merchants of the Manzana de Gómez, Arcade Building, in Havana, Cuba, will do anything possible to make your stay in this beautiful city a happy one during your 1940 Convention.

The Merchant's Union of the Manzana de Gómez Arcade, at Central Park, offer you their best selections in—

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This Tipping Business

Now, Tips on Tipping

[Continued from page 31]

passenger is expected to tip his room steward \$1, and his waiter a quarter a meal. Other service tips should be what they would be in a first-class hotel.

It is customary to tip the stewards and stewardesses who personally serve one, including the bedroom steward, bedroom stewardess, dining-room steward, and the deck steward who arranges your steamer chair and serves your morning "bouillon" and afternoon tea. On the brief Miami-Havana trip the tip should be offered at the time the service is given; on longer voyages tips are usually withheld until the last day.

For passengers travelling in first-class accommodations on such a voyage as the *Kungsholm's* from New York to Havana I have several suggestions.

A couple occupying the same room should tip the room steward and stewardess \$5 each. (A man travelling alone is expected to tip his room steward \$5 and the stewardess about \$2, if she also helps look after the room.) If special services are required, such as a number of meals being served in the room, or the assistance of the stewardess is required for dressing, unpacking, and other services, these tips can be slightly increased.

Each passenger will tip the table steward who serves him or her \$5 and the deck steward about \$2. Passengers occupying rooms without bath, consequently requiring the services of the bath steward to prepare a bathroom and arrange bath hours, should tip this steward from \$1.50 to \$2 for the voyage.

Passengers who arrange special dinner parties requiring service from the chief dining-room steward or one of his assistants should tip these men in accordance with the services performed. When buying drinks at the bars or in the ship's smoking rooms, it is preferable to tip the steward when he serves

you, just as you would a waiter in a restaurant or hotel.

If a passenger frequently uses the ship's gymnasium or swimming pool, it is customary to give a small tip to the steward in charge. This need not be more than \$1 or \$2.

On still longer voyages, such as the *Nieuw Amsterdam* cruise from New York to Venezuela and back, the amounts of these tips will be increased, but the longer the voyage, the lower the tips proportionately. Passengers occupying de luxe accommodations are usually inclined to tip a bit more liberally than those occupying medium- or low-priced accommodations.

It is generally believed that tips when travelling, or living at a hotel, approximate about 10 percent of the cost of the trip or accommodations. This is not true in the case of steamship travel.

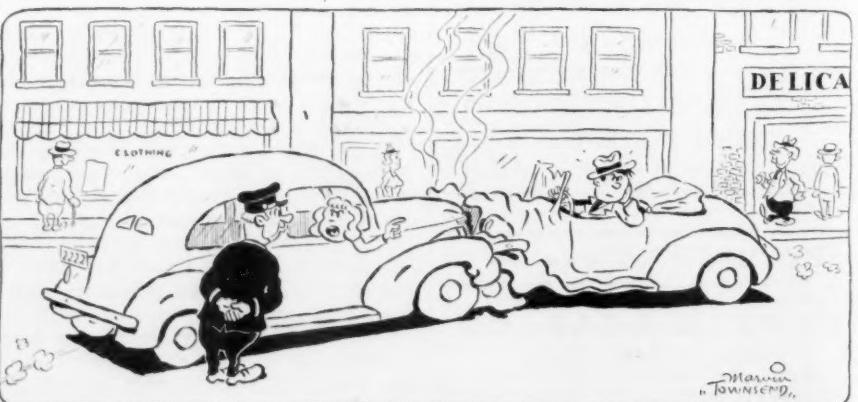
The average Rotarian, making the trip to Havana on one of the special cruise ships, and occupying accommodations costing, say, \$250 to \$300, will find that the total amount of expected tips on the steamer will not exceed \$20.

Boarding and leaving a steamer also call for tips. Special baggage porters on the piers will take a passenger's luggage from the docks down to a taxi and automobile. These porters have no connection with the ship and should be tipped just as one tips a "red cap" at a railway station. The ship's stewards take the baggage from the docks onto the ship, and vice versa. No special tips are customary for this service.

Now a special word. If you are the kind of traveller who requires special services in your room on board ship, if you want your morning orange juice and coffee to appear at a certain split-second every morning and would like to have a particular kind of apple beside your bed every night, don't hesitate to make known your wishes to your room steward or stewardess at first meeting.

And effectively to bind the request, bestow a dollar of your tip in advance. This shows that your intentions are good, and insures enthusiastic service—though in the end you will have tipped only the usual amount!

"I WAS looking in the rear view mirror fixing my makeup when this careless maniac hit me!"



Stripped Gears



"OFFHAND, Miss Twirp, I'd say you hesitate too long at the top of your swing."

Tales Twice Told

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him
that hears it—never in the tongue of
him that makes it.—William Shakespeare.

Careerist

Mary: "I have been thinking about the future. I have decided to give up golf and tennis, dance very little, study very hard, and at 25 I shall be a doctor of medicine."

Jane: "I, too, have been thinking. I shall play golf and tennis, dance every night, never study at all, and at 20 I shall be Mrs. Doctor of Medicine."—*Dublin Opinion, IRELAND*.

Wifely Omission

Mr. Henpeck (hesitantly): "Sir, I—I think it is just about time I got a raise."

Boss: "Why, we just put a raise in your envelope last Saturday."

Mr. Henpeck: "Why doesn't my wife tell me these things!"—*Rotary Bulletin, GRAND ISLAND, NEBRASKA*.

In a Hole

The two workmen had never seen golf played before, and they stood and watched the stout, unskillful player trying to get a ball out of a bunker. The sand flew up, but the ball remained. After seven desperate shots, the player paused for breath before trying again. This time the ball was lobbed up, dropped on the green, and, rolling gently to the pin, settled in the hole.

"By gum, Bill," said one of the workmen to the other, "he's got a devil of a job on now!"—*Glasgow Bulletin, SCOTLAND*.

Source Material

Professor: "I am going to speak on liars today. How many of you have read the 25th chapter of the text?"

Nearly every student raised his hand. Professor: "Good. You are the group

to whom I wish to speak. There is no 25th chapter."—*Successful Farming*.

Speed Up

A candidate for the police force was being examined.

"If you were by yourself in a police car, and were being pursued by a desperate gang of criminals in another car doing 40 miles an hour on a lonely road, what would you do?"

"Fifty," promptly replied the candidate.—*Christian Herald*.

Family Resemblance

They were looking at a kangaroo at the zoo, when an Irishman said: "Beg pardon, sor, phwat kind of a creature is that?"

"Oh," said the gentleman near-by, "that is a native of Australia."

"Good hivens!" exclaimed Pat, "an' me sister married one o' thim!"—*The Rotary Felloe, HIGHLAND PARK, MICHIGAN*.

IN MEMORIAM

He rocked the boat,
Did Ezra Shank;
These bubbles mark—

O

O

O

O

Where Ezra sank!
Rotary Buzzer, BOONE, IOWA

My Favorite Story

Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians submitting stories used under this heading. Send entries to: Stripped Gears, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago. To Rotarian A. J. Hutchinson, chairman of the New Zealand Institute for the Blind, has been dispatched a check for the following story, which he would label "favorite."

The home for aged blind women which was opened last August has proved a great blessing. There are a number of dear old ladies, one in particular who is over 90 years of age. She is still bright and cheerful, full of fun in spite of blindness and great age. I visit the home every Saturday, have a chat with them, crack jokes, and get just as many "shots" back at me as I give.

For example, I had been telling one of the dear old ladies that my wife is very tired and needs a holiday—looking after me is too much for one woman. She retorted that it was my own fault—that I should have 16 wives.

"Why?" I asked.

To which she replied: "Well, it's in the Bible: four better, four worse, four rich, four poor. The total is 16."

Not bad for a blind lady up in years!

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WRITING epitaphs was once an art for which men were paid just as writers of birthday and holiday verse are paid today, according to W. G. MONTGOMERY, of Toulon, Ill., who here tells of his hobby of studying epitaphs.

* * *

Do you want to know what men thought and believed years ago? Don't go to the histories; go to the graveyards instead. In the inscriptions on their tombstones, you will discover their real attitudes toward life. That is the conclusion to which I have come after studying epitaphs in many cemeteries.

Epitaphs were taken more seriously by our forefathers. Though whimsical at times, they were not intended to be funny. Some were written by enemies to "get even" with the dead; others were written by persons themselves to avoid that possibility. It is reported that William Shakespeare wrote his own epitaph:

*Good friend, for Jesus sake, forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here;
Blessed be he that spares these stones,
And cursed be he that moves my bones.*

That people believed in immortality is evidenced by such an inscription as this:

*Here lies the empty shell,
The nut has gone to heaven.*

Epitaphs like the two which follow also suggest that the sense of humor today is somewhat different from that of yesterday:

*Here lies the body of James Robinson,
and
Ruth, his wife;
Their warfare is accomplished.*

*This spot is the sweetest I've seen in
my life,
For it raises the flowers and covers
my wife.*

On a husband's tomb in Woolwich, England, are these words:

*As I am now, so you must be;
Prepare for death and follow me.*

When he was buried, his wife had these words added to those he had written:

*To this I cannot give consent,
Unless I knew the way you went.*

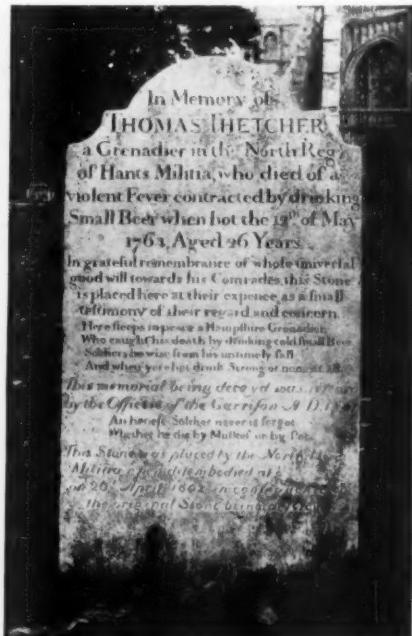
Some of the early writers dabbled in alliteration; others made plays on words, perhaps originating the pun. Here is an example of the pun:

*Here lies Thomas Huddlestone. Reader,
don't smile!*

*But reflect as this tombstone you
view,
That death, who killed him, in a very
short while
Will Huddle—a-stone upon you.*

Several centuries ago when writers began to break away from blank verse, all sense of feeling often was sacrificed to find words that would rhyme, as is shown by this epitaph in the Worcester cemetery:

*Mammy and I together lived
Just two years and a half;
She went first, I followed next,
The cow before the calf.*



ENGLISH Grenadiers honored a comrade with this old tombstone and its candid verses.

Irreverence for personality was common a few centuries ago. Here is the inscription on the tombstone of Stephen, a music teacher:

*Stephen and Time are now both even;
Stephen beat time, but now Time's beat
Stephen.*

But this irreverence doesn't belong wholly to the distant past, for in an Iowa cemetery I found this epitaph:

*Beneath this stone our baby lays,
He neither cries nor hollers;
He lived just one and twenty days,
And cost us forty dollars.*

Because ministers buried so many people, a minister's death seemed to be

the cause of celebration, for on a tombstone in South Wales we read these words:

*Hurrah! my boys, at the Parson's fall,
For if he had lived, he'd a buried us all.*

Yet life must have been a riddle to many people years ago, just as it is to many today. Evidence of this is seen in the inscription on a tombstone of an eight-month-old baby:

*Since I have been so quickly done for,
I wonder what I was begun for.*

That race suicide had not become a topic of discussion is indicated by these words which appeared on William Stratton's tombstone:

Buried 18th day of May, 1734, aged 97 years; who had by his first wife 28 children; by his second, 17; was own father to 45; grandfather to 86; great-grandfather to 23. In all 154 children.

Who today would put on a tombstone these words in the epitaph of Molly Dickie, who died 200 years ago?

*Two great physicians first
My loving husband tried;
At last he got a third,
And then I died.*

Benjamin Franklin was still a printer at heart when he wrote his own epitaph as follows:

*The Body of
B Franklin Printer,
(Like the Cover of an old Book
Its Contents torn out
And strip of its Lettering & Gilding)
Lies here, Food for Worms.
But the Work shall not be lost;
For it will, (as he believ'd) appear once
more,
In a new and more elegant Edition
Revised and corrected,
By the Author.*

Modern epitaphs are simple and impersonal, seldom revealing the crudity and unkindness once so common. Perhaps this in itself is some evidence that the human race is developing better taste and becoming more considerate of both the living and the dead.

What's Your Hobby?

Are you riding a hobbyhorse which is sagging in the knees and wheezing a bit from "the same old grind"? By tying up at "The Hobbyhorse Hitchingpost" you'll get an exchange of ideas which may give the old mount a change of pasture and some green grass on which to nibble. If you're a Rotarian, or a member of a Rotarian's family, you're eligible—the stall rent, of course, is free.

Bookplates: Dr. Walter E. Wentz, Jr. (will exchange his bookplate and that of his wife with Rotarians and their wives), 19 W. Baltimore Ave., Media, Pa., U.S.A.

Pencils: Edward A. Jacobs (collects pencils), 600 Park Ave. West, Barberton, Ohio, U.S.A.

Pencils: Mrs. M. H. McIntyre (wife of Rotarian—wishes to secure unsharpened pencils and will reciprocate with "tips" to other hobbyists), 309 Adams Ave., Endicott, N. Y., U.S.A.

Indian Relics: Mrs. H. Nelgen (wife of Rotarian—interested in collecting specimens and information concerning Indian relics), Hugoton, Kans., U.S.A.

Bookplates: Crombie Allen (will exchange bookplates and letters with Rotarians), 617 N. Euclid Ave., Ontario, Calif., U.S.A.

Souvenir Rocks: Barton Greer (collects rocks of about four-inch diameter, either round or square, from all parts of the world for use in a Rotary wheel flower bed; desires description of source of rock; will remit postage), P. O. Drawer 349, Mobile, Ala., U.S.A.

—THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM



The Program Builder

Students, program makers, and the interested reader will find the following references useful. They are based on *Program Worksheet* (Form No. 251), issued by Rotary International, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.

June, 1st Meeting

Are recreational facilities in the community what they should be? Do adults as well as children have a chance to play? (*A Community Service meeting.*)

FROM THE ROTARIAN:

Romp They Must! (pictorial). This issue, page 21.

See *THE ROTARIAN* (page 71) for May for complete reading list for this theme.

IF THE FOREIGN MINISTER CAME TO ME?

An examination of our country's foreign policy. How does it look from abroad? What can individual citizens do to influence it?

International Service

America: Haven for Refugee Children? (debate). Yes—Let Them Come! Clarence E. Pickett. No—Keep the Bars Up! Robert R. Reynolds. Feb., 1940.

Science Is Not Enough! Arthur Holly Compton. Feb., 1940.

We Must Plan for Peace. Paul P. Harris. Feb., 1940.

Rotary Needed Now As Never. Editorial. Dec., 1939.

Rotary Is Carrying On! Editorial. Nov., 1939.

Rotary in a World at War. Walter D. Head. Oct., 1939.

Is the 'Union Now' Plan Practical? Yes! Clarence K. Streit. No! George H. Clegg. Jr. Aug., 1939.

Men Must MAKE Peace. José Ortega y Gasset. Nov., 1939.

'Can't Rotary Do Something?' Chesley R. Perry. Feb., 1938.

A Department of Pence? (debate). Yes! Frank E. Gannett. No! Pertinax. Nov., 1937.

Is a Dark Age Ahead? Richard E. Byrd. Mar., 1937.

OTHER MAGAZINES:

America's Stake in the Present War and the Future World Order. Fortune. Jan., 1940.

BOOKS:

The Way Out of War. Cesar Saerchinger. Macmillan. 1940. 60c. The author advocates a united Europe which would function as an economic unit.

PAMPHLETS AND PAPERS:

From the Secretariat of Rotary International: **Rotary Fellowship in a World Afraid.** Peter K. Emmons. *Convention Proceedings*, 1939. Page 71.

The Mission of Rotary in a Troubled World. Ben M. Cherrington. *Convention Proceedings*, 1939. Page 117.

If the Foreign Minister Came to Me. No. 787.

After the Clash of Arms—What Then? No. 727.

Organizing for Peace. No. 725G.

June, 4th Meeting

Installation of new officers and a review

of the activities of the past year by outgoing officers and Committee men. (*A Club Service meeting.*)

PAMPHLETS AND PAPERS:

From the Secretariat of Rotary International:

Installation of New Officers. No. 124.

The Club Assembly. No. 141.

The Rotary Club President—His Qualifications, His Duties, His Rewards. No. 120.

The Secretary of a Rotary Club—His Qualifications, His Duties, His Rewards. No. 121.

June, 3rd Meeting

FROM THE ROTARIAN:

Rotary in a Confused World. Norman Sommerville. This issue, page 7.

My Escape from Poland. Jean de Jachimowicz. May, 1940.

Rotary and World Conflict. Walter D. Head. May, 1940.

Bolivar Began It. Pedro de Alba. Apr., 1940.

America: Haven for Refugee Children? (debate). Yes—Let Them Come! Clarence E. Pickett. No—Keep the Bars Up! Robert R. Reynolds. Feb., 1940.

Science Is Not Enough! Arthur Holly Compton. Feb., 1940.

We Must Plan for Peace. Paul P. Harris. Feb., 1940.

Rotary Needed Now As Never. Editorial. Dec., 1939.

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'Can't Rotary Do Something?' Chesley R. Perry. Feb., 1938.

A Department of Pence? (debate). Yes! Frank E. Gannett. No! Pertinax. Nov., 1937.

Is a Dark Age Ahead? Richard E. Byrd. Mar., 1937.

July, 1st Meeting

FROM THE ROTARIAN:

Checking Up on the Rotary Wheel. Laurence A. Raymer. This issue, page 39.

Rotary Roundtable. This issue, page 54.

Rotary Takes Its Pulse. Joel Chandler Harris, Jr. Feb., 1940.

Soon I'll Be a Past President. Anonymous. May, 1939.

After Extension . . . What? T. T. Molnar. Dec., 1938.

13 Ways to Kill a Club. Editorial. Oct., 1937.

PAMPHLETS AND PAPERS:

From the Secretariat of Rotary International:

Founding and Building a Rotary Club. Joseph W. Jackson. *Convention Proceedings*, 1933. Page 40.

Setting the Pace for a New Year. No. 138.

July, 2nd Meeting

FROM THE ROTARIAN:

Should a Man Retire? Abbé Ernest Dimmet. This issue, page 13.

This Tipping Business (symposium-of-the-month). This issue, pages 28-31.

Employers, Employees—and the Public (debate). The Employer. Henry L. Nunn. Labor. Edward Keating. The Public. Almon E. Roth. Apr., 1940.

Be Thankful for Your Competitors. J. C. Aspley. Mar., 1940.

Get Acquainted! Walter B. Pitkin. Feb., 1940.

Has Business Lost Interest? Channing Pollock. Jan., 1940.

Jenkins 'Gives Back.' John T. Bartlett. Nov., 1939.

OTHER MAGAZINES:

Train'ning Men to Look Ahead. Erwin H. Schell. *Nation's Business*. Mar., 1940.

PAMPHLETS AND PAPERS:

From the Secretariat of Rotary International: **Vocational Service Assembly.** *Convention Proceedings*, 1939. Page 209.

A Rotarian's Twofold Opportunity. No. 514.

Standards of Correct Business and Professional Practice. No. 33.

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Last Page Comment

NOW IT IS BELGIUM, and The Netherlands. Daily the headlines echo bombs and shells which are smashing homes and crushing bodies there. How unreal it seems to read of war in Brussels, in Amsterdam, and in Oslo—cities where the scent of the sea savors memories of hospitable hearths and bright-eyed children at play. And our Rotary friends: What of them? Nils Parmann, for example, he of the twinkling eye and white goatee, as quick with jest as with a thoughtful word on how Rotary instills understanding and goodwill in the hearts of men. Where is Nils now, and what are his thoughts? He was with us in Cleveland last June. We know he will not be with us in Havana. Nor those other fine Rotarians from a score of countries whose presence Convention-goers heretofore have anticipated with pleasure. Many chairs will be vacant at Havana. The Convention will be veneered with the routines of all such gatherings, but its heart will pulse with sympathy for Rotarians wherever they may be whose lot these days is hard.

WHAT IS WAR DOING to the Rotary movement? A partial answer to that question is found in the notable survey starting on page 39 of this issue. Despite loss of Clubs in invaded areas, the lines on the graphs of Clubs and individual Rotarians in the world continue to ascend. With surprising unanimity, reports from Clubs still operating in belligerent countries agree that in times when the souls of men are tried, Rotary fellowship is needed more than ever before. What the future holds, no man knows, but it is heartening to those who believe in the ideal of service to read of the new ways Rotarians are discovering to interpret it.

SEVERAL ENGLISH ROTARY Clubs have taken on themselves the task of doing favors to uniformed men. From the *London Rotarian* is scissored this story:

"A member of the Wrexham Rotary Club's Community Service Committee stated that a part of his Club's service is to meet all trains arriving at Wrexham during the late evenings, and to take soldiers on leave, with all their kit, to their homes. On approaching a soldier with the request 'Can I help you?—I'm from the Rotary Club,' the soldier, pleased but surprised, said, 'Well, I'm blowed. When I arrived in London, the first gent. to meet me says, "Can I help you?—I'm a member of the Rotary," and he takes me across London and puts me right for the train home, and now the first person to speak to me in my home town is another Rotarian. Say, are you gents running this show for us? Thanks, very much.'"

CANADA IS AT WAR, but neighbors to the south, especially, will learn with gratification that no barrier to friendly visitors has been reared on the never-fortified frontier. Tourists this Summer may be expected to invade picturesque Quebec and Nova Scotia, their favorite fishing haunts in Ontario, and the mountains of the West with, albeit, no more difficulty than they had last Summer or the Summer before that. In point of precise fact, vacation-wise Americans turning north will have certain advantages, for, at this writing, 10 of Uncle Sam's dollars are exchangeable for 11 of the maple-leaf variety—and what isn't spent can be brought home.

THERE IS POINT in the story Fred K. Jones, Rotary's Finance Committeeman from Spokane, Washington, is telling, to wit: In a certain Wyoming city a District Conference banquet speaker was a bit startled when shortly before he was to get to his feet, four wild-and-woolly cowboys tromped in, took a table directly in front of him, coolly laid beside the coffee cups four 45-caliber six-shooters, and fixed upon him their intent gaze. The speaker-to-be was, not unnaturally, shortly in

need of a throat lozenge. Minutes ticked on. Finally, the President of the host Club leaned over and whispered reassuringly, "Don't worry. They're not here for you. But if you don't make good, Lord help the Program Chairman!"

THE AMERICAN LEGION on December 31, 1939, led all "organizations" in the United States for number of Boy Scout troops and Cub packs sponsored, according to data recently announced by headquarters of Boy Scouts of America. Under the Legion's direction and by its aid, 2,397 troops and 193 packs, or 2,590 units, were carrying on. Next came Rotary, with 1,116 troops and 94 packs, together making a total of 1,210, which is 138 ahead of the figure for December 31, 1938.

SPECIFIC GOALS are a spur to achievement, Rotary District Governors are proving, as they sum up their efforts for their rapidly closing year in office. There's G. E. Murray, of Rensselaer, Indiana, for example. Last July he set four goals: to get every one of the 26 Clubs in his District (154) to issue a Club publication; to have them put up road signs; to gain in membership; and to gain three new Clubs. An unofficial fifth goal was for each Club to send *THE ROTARIAN* to local libraries. Here is his District's score: Club publications 26 Road signs 20 Membership gains 16 (6 even, 4 losses) New Clubs 2 ROTARIAN subscriptions 23

THIS IS A GOOD TIME for Richard Roe Tarian, as he drives in from the golf club, to take an extra look at the roadside sign announcing to all and sundry that his Rotary Club meets at the Gourmet Restaurant Tuesday noons. The extra look is to see it as would a touring Rotarian from elsewhere, who, of course, would notice whether the paint on the sign is peeling or faded, or, perchance, whether the sign is conspicuous by its entire absence.

-Your Editor

